

*H. Bate (Ho.) afterwards Dudley 3 F**

THE

TRAVELLERS

IN

SWITZERLAND.

A COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS:

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL,

COVENT GARDEN.

By Mr. BATE DUDLEY.

The curious Wanderer left afar to roam,
Sighs for that comfort which he left at home:

L O N D O N.

Printed for J. DEBRETT, opposite Burlington-House,
Piccadilly.

1794.

21



DEDICATION.

TO

THOMAS HARRIS, *Esq.*

PATENTEE, &c &c.

OF THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE TRAVELLERS in their Dramatic Tour through SWITZERLAND, have derived so considerable a share of their celebrity from your judicious guidance—and their Author owes so much to your zealous friendship on all occasions, that it were impossible to inscribe this OPERA to any other person than yourself, without violating those feelings, which have so invariably represented you, as the object of his regard, and esteem.

I am, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

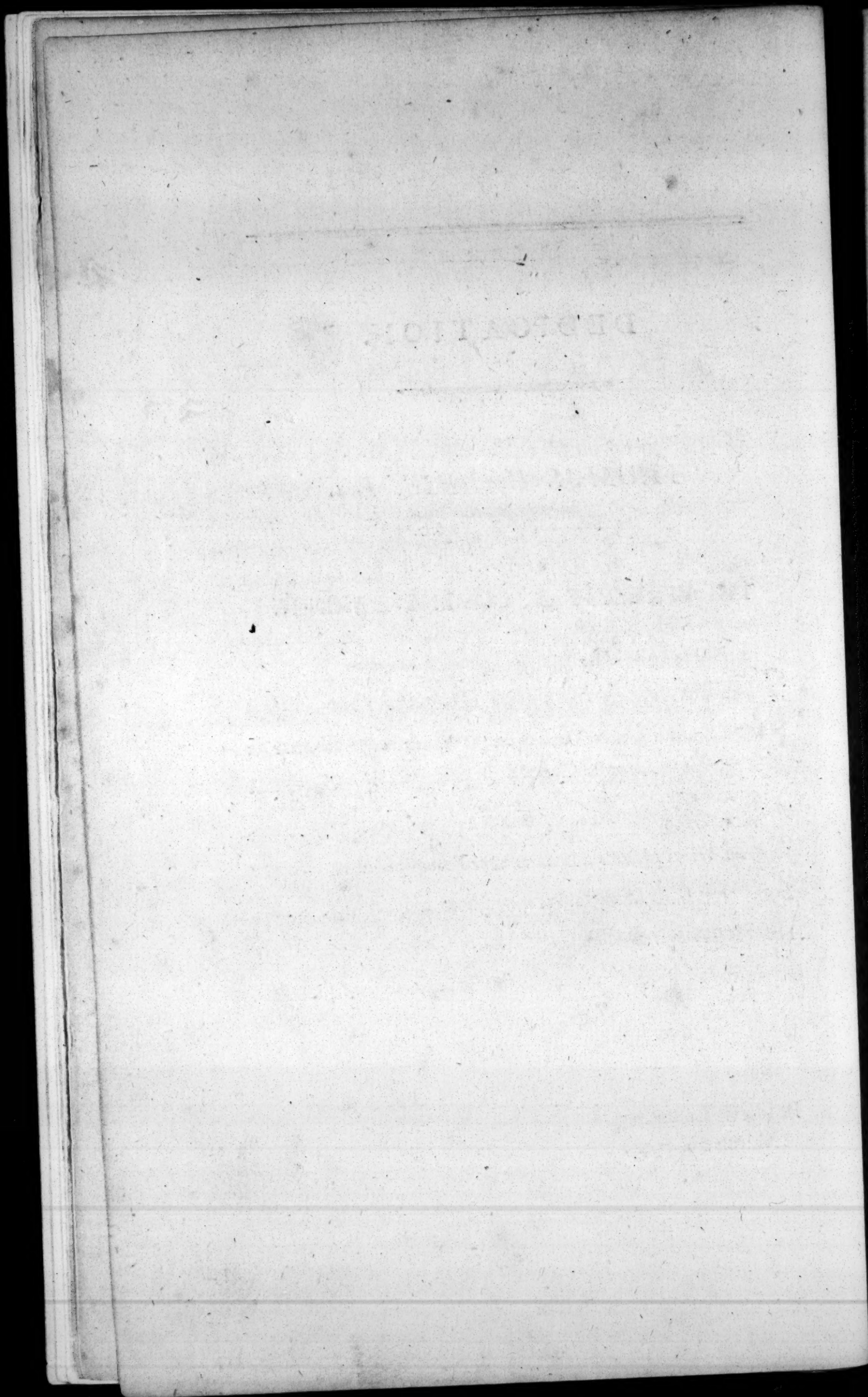
H. B. DUDLEY.

Bradwell Lodge,

March 20, 1794.

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22

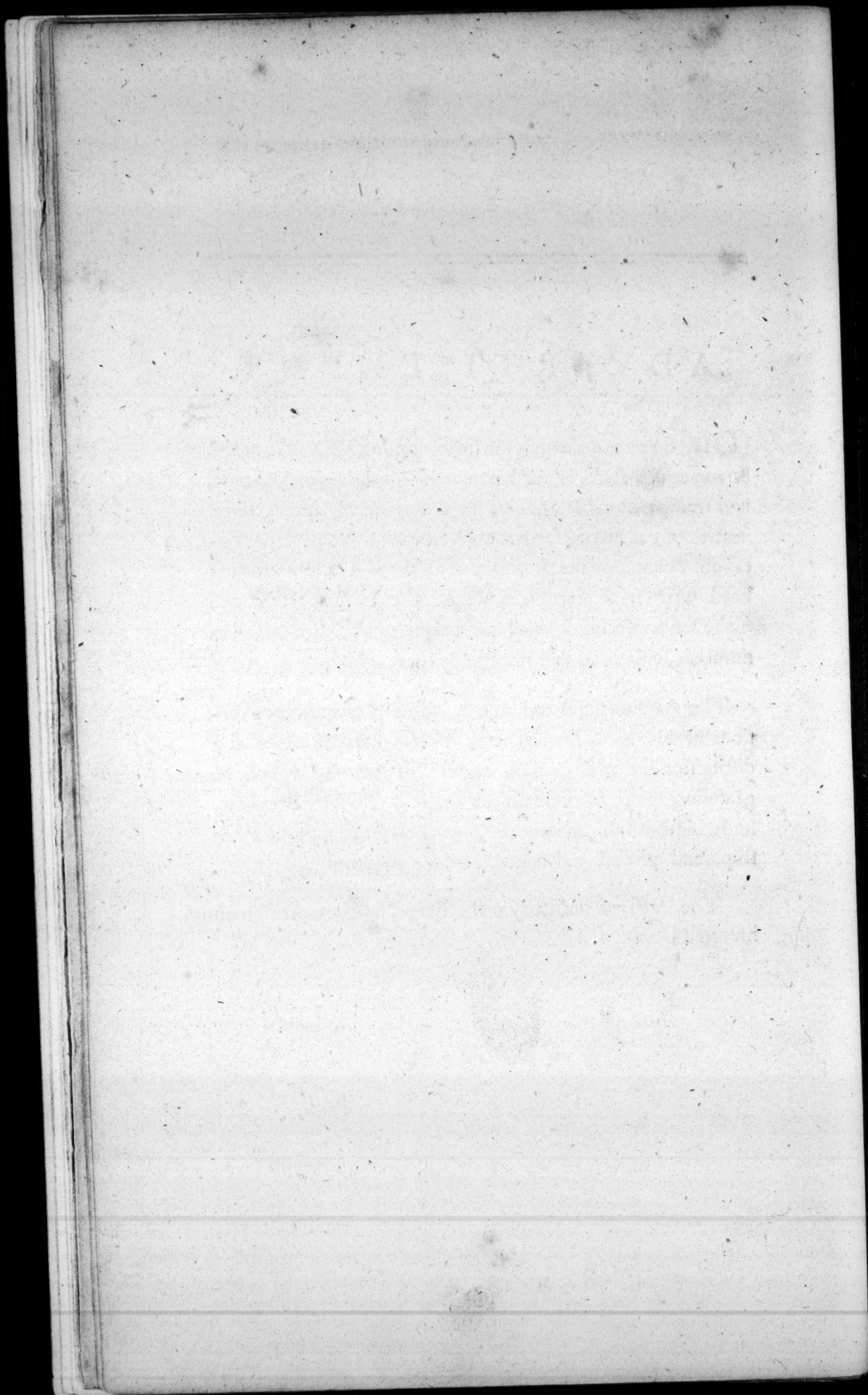


ADVERTISEMENT.

THE STORY on which the following DRAMA is founded, however defective, is not borrowed—Various curtailments, and transpositions of Scenes, have unavoidably deranged the unities of the Piece, for the convenience of Stage representation. Several of the AIRS, and all the CHORUSES having been written to compiled Music, the critical reader will make a suitable indulgence for some irregular, and uncouth numbers, which he will necessarily meet with.

The AUTHOR has too high a sense of the zealous exertions of his whole DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, to make any distinction in that general tribute of thanks, which he gratefully pays to their united merit. To Mr. SHIELD, he is indebted on this occasion, for every thing that friendship, and professional talent, could contribute. —

The Passages omitted on the Stage, are marked with inverted Commas.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Sidney,	-	-	-	-	Mr. MUNDEN.
Dorimond,	-	:	-	-	Mr. JOHNSTONE.
Dalton,	-	-	-	-	Mr. INCLEDON.
Count Friponi,	-	-	-	-	Mr. FAWCETT.
Sir Leinster M'Loghlin,	-	-	-	-	Mr. ROCK.
Daniel,	-	-	-	-	Mr. QUICK.
Robin,	-	-	-	-	Mr. BLANCHARD.
Swifts Burgher,	-	-	-	-	Mr. THOMPSON.
Landlord,	-	-	-	-	Mr. LINTON.
Serjeant,	-	-	-	-	Mr. RICHARDSON.
Filherman,	-	-	-	-	Mr. TOWNSHEND,
Freebooters,	-	-	-	-	{ Mr. ABBOTT.
					{ Mr. REES.
Miss Somerville's Servant,	-				Mr. BLURTON.
Lady Philippa Sidney,	-	-			Mrs MATTOCKS.
Miss Somerville,	-	-			Miss POOLE.
Julia,	-	-	-		Mrs. CLENDINING.
Nerinda,	-	-	-		Mrs. MARTYR.
Margery,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. HENLEY.
Shepherdes,	-	-	-		Miss HOPKINS:
Lady's Maid,	-	-	-	-	Mrs. BLURTON.

Swifts Soldiery, Shepherds, &c. &c.

0-102-117-111-1

THE
TRAVELLERS
IN
SWITZERLAND.

A COMIC OPERA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An AUBERGE on the side of a mountain at Sun-rise, Daniel leading his mule towards it.—After his calling loudly, the Landlord and Landlady appear.*

SEPTETTO—I.

Daniel. **H**OUSE! Landlord! Landlady! I say.

Landlord. **Q**ui va la?

Landlady. My Lor Anglois!

Daniel. So I am, and yet you'll find
Greater folks than me behind.

B

Enter

10 The TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND:

Enter Lady PHILIPPA, Mr. SIDNEY, Sir LEINSTER, JULIA, and DORIMOND, disguised as Cazelle, a Swiss Valet.

*Landlord and
Landlady.
Lady Phillippa.*

Je suis charmé !

You alarm me,
No good company to meet ?

*Mr. Sidney and
Sir Leinster.*

Nothing in the house to eat ?

Landlady.

Jean !

All.

Landlord ! Tapster ! Drawer ! Waiter !

Sir Leinster.

Oh, leave the matter to myself—
Best an Irishman can cater,

Mr. Sidney. Where there's } nothing on the shelf.
Is there

*Mr. Sidney and
Sir Leinster.* } Bring at least a slice of ham in !

Daniel. 'Tis in vain to think of cramming,

All. { Nothing in the house to eat,
This is misery complete !

DUO—CAZELLE and JULIA.

Such distresses never move
Minds, that purely live on love.

Sir Lein. Having nothing to eat, I perceive,
is one of the luxuries we get by travelling into
foreign parts !

Lady Phil. Take care of the baggage, *Cazelle*,
and see that the trunk with my family arms upon
it, is particularly secured.

Cazelle. Oui Madame.

Mr. Sidney. The honest fellow, (*clapping Dori-
mond on the shoulder*) that so gallantly preserved
your daughter's life at the hazard of his own, will
not be found deficient in the common offices of
fidelity, depend on't. [*Exeunt within the Auberge.*

Enter

SCENE II.

Enter Lady PHILIPPA and DANIEL.

Lady Phil. What, news have you picked up, Daniel? are there any people of rank, or old families beside myself, on the road?

Daniel. Not that I know of, my Lady; I've only heard of two surprizing things; one is, that young 'Squire Dalton, passed this way a few weeks ago, on his travels.

Lady Phil. That is strange, indeed!

Daniel. But the other is much more wonderful.

Lady Phil. What can that be?

Daniel. Why, my Lady, a fine bewitched Castle, only two leagues off! now, that in my notion, is a sight, worth going all the world over to see!

Lady Phil. Poh! this nonsense of witches and enchanted castles, will one day or other turn your brain, Daniel.

Daniel. Oh, what a noble sight an enchanted castle must be! *[Exit Daniel.]*

Lady Phil. Such a pair of ridiculous lovers, as Dalton and Miss Somerville, romance itself has never recorded—both quarrelling with each other on a punctilio of false pride, when neither of their families have so much as a pedigree to be proud of—though, I think, we heard enough of her antient Chateau, which she went abroad to take possession of.

Enter Mr. SIDNEY.

Mr. Sidney. Julia and Sir Leinster seem inclined to breakfast on a prospect; they have discovered a distant country through the telescope, which she contends, is the cliffs of Dover; while Sir Leinster, to be a match for her in geography, declares it to be the Mangerton mountains, near the lake of Killarney.

Lady Phil. Now I must conjure you, Mr. Sidney, to lay aside your coarse jokes, and to deport yourself for the remainder of the tour, as may become the dignity of my family in a foreign clime.

Mr. Sidney. You know, my Lady Philippa, that the ruling object of my life, is to make you happy.

Lady Phil. For shame, Mr. Sidney! pray let me ask, in what single instance have you shewn it? name one!

Mr. Sidney. Compose yourself, my dear, and I will—Did I not forbid our neighbour, young Dorimond, my house, because the poor fellow could not prove his descent from one of the twelve Cæsars?

Lady Phil. Don't name the upstart in my presence—a creature without a coat of arms to his family.

Mr. Sidney. But having honour and private worth, I should have given him up with reluctance, tho' he had been without a coat to his back.

Lady Phil. I think, Mr. Sidney, you might pay a little more respect to the memory of my ancestors.

Mr. Sidney. Come, come, my Lady Philippa, let us drop this subject, or you'll worry yourself about

about the antiquity of your ancestors, till you grow as old as the best of 'em !

Lady Phil. Very well, Sir,—vastly well !

Mr. Sidney. Have I ever uttered a single e-monstrance on our carriage being overloaded with your quarterings, and scutcheons, like a country hearse ?

Lady Phil. I see through your cruel design, Sir,—you intend to break my heart in a foreign country.

Mr. Sidney. And did not I take the advertisement for your Swiss valet to the newspaper with my own hands, and procure you one to attend upon my person, with whiskers as long as a pole cat ?

Lady Phil. Go on, Sir ! go on ! dishonour me through life, and when I am no more, persevere in your barbarity, and let no family trophies follow me to my tomb !

Mr. Sidney. Oh, my dear Lady Philippa !

AIR II.—MR. SIDNEY.

WHEN convinc'd by the deep sounding *boum*,

That in earnest you seek your long home,

For trifles I then will not cavil ;

But resign'd to my fate,

I'll direct that in state,

On this journey you proudly may travel.

With a bim ! boum ! bell !

At your death, since you wish it, my dear,

All your honors of birth may appear,

For Heralds your arms shall reveal O !

Hang your a'chment up high,

To tell all who pass by,

That my duck has got—*quies in Cælo*.

With a bim ! boum ! bell !

Lady

Lady Phil. Oh, you monster of a man! you would bury me alive! get me a glass of Eau de Cologne, or I shall faint! (*sits down.*)

Enter DANIEL.

Daniel. Here's a letter, I fancy for your Ladyship, with a coat of arms on it, as big as a waterman's badge.

Lady Phil. (*Rising in extacy and receives it.*) Coat of arms!

Sidney. So then, go which way I will, I am crossed at every turn, by some new fangled notions of false grandeur! (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. (*Looking minutely at the seal*) Field sable, three panthers passant, gorged with ducal collars chained, armed, crested, tufted, and hooped.

Mr. Sidney. And horned too, I suppose, to compleat the impression of modern heraldry.

Lady Phil. From some illustrious personage, my life on't!

Daniel. Yes, my Lady; I'm sure by what his servant says, he's a foreign Lord at the least.

Lady Phil. And yet its rather singular, that he should not know my name! (*reads*) "A Mesdames—Mesdames Angloises." (*opens it*) yes, he must be a man of fashion, for he writes, I perceive, in all the languages (*reads indistinctly*) "Comte Friponi—les belles Angloises—his devoirs in person—and chaperon them through Geneva and its environs" Delightful! Friponi? That's surely a very old name.

Mr. Sidney. Yes, my Lady, one of the antient families, no doubt which the deluge had not time

to

to sweep away. This must be the fellow that I saw in close conference with our Swiss. (*aside*)

Lady Phil. Notwithstanding your sneers, Mr. Sydney, I shall not, you perceive be entirely deserted in your absence, if you should pursue your commercial scheme to Strasburg---who's there? does the Courier wait?

“ *Enter DORIMOND (as Swiss Valet.)*

Cazelle. “ Yes, my Lady.

Lady Phil. “ Give me the port feiulle, that I may write an answer immediately.

“ [*Exit with Swiss.*

Mr. Sidney. “ Travel, so far from correcting, seems but to increase her romantic malady! “ This artificial weakness bears down all the “ amiable qualities of her nature; and the infatuation, if not checked, will descend, I fear “ even to the unaffected Julia! serious remonstrance has been of no avail; the force of ridicule is my last resource, and the object is too “ valuable, to leave the most painful experiment untried for its recovery.

Enter SIR LEINSTER M'LOGHLIN.

Sir Lein. “ What the devil, Mr. Sidney, have “ you done to my Lady Philippa this morning? “ yesterday, she graciously told me, she could “ find no blot in my 'scutcheon—now, this minute, she whisked as spitefully by me, as a “ bullet from a cross bow!” Come come, stand my friend with Miss Julia, and tell her once for all how clever, a husband I'll make her!

Mr. Sidney. Look ye, Sir Leinster, as old friends, dont let you and I talk seriously when we can avoid

avoid it. " Julia has declared never to favour the
 " addressees of any one, without my approba-
 " tion; in no case therefore but that of extreme
 " necessity, shall a father's authority controul her
 " inclination." The future happiness of her
 life will probably depend on her own choice—
 let the man of her heart, then win her, and wear
 her, say I.

Sir Lein. My dear fellow, give me your hand,
 and is that what you say? Win her and wear her!
 Oh! say no more, only leave me alone for that.

AIR III.—SIR LEINSTER M'LOGHLIN.

TO win, and to wear a sweet creature,
 Is always Sir Leinster's delight;
 The first thing he dreams in the morning,
 The last that awakes him at night.
 He's tight when he slips from his pillow,
 As a ship that is just out of dock;
 Tho' at dusk with a skinful of Claret,
 He's apt to run foul of a rock,
 Sing *smagbler oo smack smbilat smothar*;
 How funny this taste is of mine,
 Oh! I learnt it from father and mother,
 To love pretty women and wine!

Enter LADY PHILIPPA.

Lady Phil. Well, Mr. Sidney, we can part
 with you now as soon as you please, for Count
 Friponi in his note, has recommended to me an
 English guide, who lives just at the foot of the
 mountain—tho' he knows but little of the man
 himself, he is reckoned the cleverest creature in
 the world, who can tell us every body, and every
 thing.

Mr.

Mr. Sidney. An English guide recommended to you by a foreign Count?—there must be some mischief on foot! (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. Yes; and dont you think this an act of great courtesy, and condescension in a man of high family?

Mr. Sidney. Without doubt my everlasting love. (*ruminating*) If such a device were practicable! (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. What are you prosing about?

Mr. Sidney. I'm thinking, my Lady Philippa, that in my absence, is it not possible that you may thus subject yourself to some imposition?

Lady Phil. Imposition! I know you deem me a weak creature! shew me the man, Mr. Sidney, that can impose upon me.

Mr. Sidney. Its worth the experiment at all events. (*aside*) But dont you perceive that this will be an unnecessary increase of your expences?

Lady Phil. Poh! what signifies expence when the honour of a family is concerned! the larger the suite, you know, the more dignified! besides, he'll be a better interpreter than Cazelle, the Swiss, who is far too reserved.

Mr. Sidney. I should be sorry to withhold my consent, even in——

Lady Phil. Your consent? now, Mr. Sidney, you have made it an object of too much importance for me to dispense with—so have him I will, and there's an end of it.

Mr. Sidney. Then all I have to do, is, I suppose, as usual, to acquiesce?

Lady Phil. To be sure. [Exit.

Mr. Sidney. Well said, my Lady Philippa! (*mus-
sing*) There can be no great difficulty in defeating
C the

the probable rascalities of the Count, who, from what I can learn of our landlord, is little better than a desperado after all—This same Guide, intended no doubt for some secret service of that fashionable impostor, may, with a little dexterity, be managed, so as to answer a better purpose of mine---“ I shall satisfy myself at least, whether the regard she pays to other opinions in preference to mine, be a turn towards natural depravity, or merely the coquettish folly of family pride. If only the affectation of vice, she may yet be shamed out of it---should it prove worse, the painful alternative my own honour must suggest.” Who knows but I may be received as her guide by stratagem, tho’ refused it thro’ life on the score of long tried affection---“ I remember to have enacted Davus before the grave dons of Westminster, with tolerable success.”---How shall I manage my voice? but there can be no great difficulty in that; for Lady Philippa has paid too little regard to its natural key, to be struck with it under any disguise it may now assume. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III.—*Castle Gardens.*

Enter Miss SOMERVILLE.

AIR IV.

EVER let me shun the danger
 Absence is ordain'd to prove;
 Where the mind to pride a stranger,
 Blends Indifference with love!

Oh,

COMIC OPERA.

Oh, ye hoary mountains, say,
That surround me night and day,
How late have I, 'ere now,
Sought with hope your proudest brow
Aloft in air!
Then—sad reverse of scene!
How soon alas have been
Low at your feet with pale despair!

Enter NERINDA.

Ner. Dear ma'am, why should we despair?
I hope we are not doomed to live alone for
ever! (*Miss Somerville musing*) I wonder who that
could be, I saw just now through the glass from
the turret? perhaps he's near enough by this
time to be observed with the naked eye.

[*Exit unperceived by Miss Somerville.*]

Miss Som. This completes the first year of my
self-banishment from an object which I find is
still dearer to me even than my country! How
devoted is that affection, which neither time can
alter, nor distance remove! In vain have I en-
deavoured to reproach my own heart, for per-
mitting me to fly from all it values! Oh, Dalton!
if I still beheld thee at the feet of another, my
pride would take the same alarm, and again in-
form thee, that I must dispense with those ad-
dresses, which I owed more to my fortune than my
person. Had I wronged him by a groundless
suspicion, he could not have withdrawn himself
with that cold respect, without attempting the
smallest explanation of his conduct. Though
my mind approves the sacrifice it has made, it
cannot recollect it with indifference. "*(peru-
sing a letter she had written)* That enquiry after

THE TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND:

“ Dalton will betray a womanly weakness to
 “ others, and a want of resolution to myself---It
 “ must not be (*draws her pen through a passage,*
 “ *folds up and addresses the letter.*) Yet how vain
 “ to erase him here, when he is imprinted on my
 “ heart for ever.”

Enter NERINDA hastily.

DUETT V.

Ner. DEAR ma'am, I've such a fight for you
 One fit for any queen !

Oh ! run the sweetest man to view
 Your eyes have ever seen !

Miss Som. Oh fie !

Ner. Now I pray don't say } no, no, no, no

Ner. Along the lake I saw him stray,

Where tempests oft begin ;
 Poor soul he may have lost his way.

Oh ! let us ask him in !

Miss Som. Oh fie !

Ner. Now I pray, don't say } no, no, no, no !

Ner. Why not ? he seems a countryman of
 our own, and may tell us all the news of dear
 England !

Miss Som. Prythee, Nerinda, do not trifle
 with me—I have addressed a packet to my agent
 —you must see it safely delivered to the mulateer
 when he next passes the mountains.

Ner. He looked a charming man from the
 turret ! and as I happen to have the key of the
 abbey gate, I'll take a nearer peep at him pre-
 sently, if I die for't ! Heigho ! (*sighs*)

Miss

Miss Som. Heyday, Nerinda, why that deep sigh?

Ner. In pity, ma'am, that two such creatures as you and I, should be so unhandsomely concealed from the world.

Miss Som. Oh, I know the world a little better than you, and believe me, that unprotected woman is never so happy as in seclusion.

Ner. Well now, I don't think, that ever I should have found that out.

Miss Som. Bred a recluse, Nerinda, don't you prefer the peaceful freedom of this mansion, to the dull austerities of a convent?

Ner. Oh, dear ma'am, the nunnery was certainly the most sprightly thing of the two! for there, one had the privilege of peeping at a man through the grate, on a red-letter day; but as to this dreary castle of your great grandfather's, nothing human will approach it! the shepherds run away from us, for fear of being bewitched; and the last time Margery went to market, they were about to swim her, poor soul, for a wizard!

Miss Som. Come, a truce to raillery. "You know that I have imposed upon myself this penance, and the prejudices of the world shall not move me from my resolve." If you, Nerinda, feel it a restraint any longer to remain with me, I will gladly endeavour to provide you a situation more suitable to the natural gaiety of your temper!

Ner. O dear, ma'am, indeed I did but joke—I would not quit you for the whole world—I was more anxious to shorten your serious moments, I assure you, than my own.

Miss Som. Amiable girl!

Ner.

Ner. However, ma'am, its necessary that something should be done with the other part of your household, for I left it in a state little short of mutiny: but here comes a pair of them to speak for themselves.

Enter ROBIN, and MARGERY.

Miss Som. Well, pray what are your complaints?

Robin. Not for want of good living, my Lady, for no one roasts, or boils every day better than our Margery!

Margery. Nor for more wages—for and please your Ladyship, I am sure we are as well paid, as fed!

Miss Som. What is it then you want?

Robin. Why, if I may be so bold as to speak my mind, Madge and I here, have laid our heads together for sometime in this dismal country, and begin to think, we should like to taste what true liberty is in our own!

Miss Som. And is this really the case, Margery?

Margery. And please you my Lady, Robin has promised to make me his lawful spouse, as soon as we set foot in old England again!

Miss Som. Poor creature! and that's the way she would secure her liberty?

Ner. Well; but Margery, can't you contrive to be married here?

Robin. Yes, ma'am, in a botching kind of a way—but if the knot was to come azunder, and let her down in her old days, I should never forgive myself!

AIR

AIR VII.—QUARTETTO.—MARGERY, ROBIN,
NERINDA, and Miss SOMERVILLE.

Marg. THUS on my bended knees I pray!
All. Ah, well-a-day!
Robin. Madge is in a melting mood!
Marg. Let him cheer my latter days;
Robin. Hear her, ma'am, she never prays
 But for something very good!
Nerinda. Now for some most doleful ditty,
Marg. He's the only man I prize!
Miss Som. How the creature moves my pity!
Robin. Drown me not, those doe-black eyes.
Miss Som. and } Cease your sorrow, and arise.
Nerinda, }
Robin. Stop your flood gates, wipe your eyes.

Miss Som. As your affections seem mutual, at the end of three months, your further services shall be dispensed with, and a passport procured for your conveyance to England.

Margery. Heaven bless you, and send your Ladyship a good husband in your turn, and that speedily!

Ner. How happy you have made 'em!

Robin. Drop another curtsy, do'e, Madge, and now live in hopes, a little longer like a reasonable woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

LADY PHILIPPA and JULIA.

Lady Phil. Heaven be praised, your father has taken his departure for Strasburgh.

Julia

Julia. You must excuse me, my Lady, if I cannot rejoice at the loss of his society.

Lady Phil. No great loss, child; for now I can see good company, without the fear of being checked by the coarseness of his English jokes—
 “ Let me expect, Julia, that before the men you
 “ are properly reserved; and if you see me con-
 “ descend occasionally to be a little more gracious
 “ to them, you should consider who I am, and
 “ that you child, in the line of precedence, are
 “ only the daughter of Mr. Sidney.

Julia. “ A distinction, my Lady, sufficiently
 “ honourable in my mind, I can assure you.”

Lady Phil. “ In a word, no more love fits!”
 You must know I expect an immediate visit from a Count Friponi, who is said to be rather a polished creature.

Julia. Probably he may.

Lady Phil. With a something so easy in his address, and familiar at first sight, that I thought it necessary to put you on your guard—besides, should you think to find a wealthy admirer on the Continent, which was probably your father's object in coming abroad, you'll both be much disappointed, believe me!

AIR VIII—JULIA.

JOY sparkles in the roving eye,
 That seeks for treasure o'er the deep,
 No billow then can beat too high,
 No restless gale too boldly sweep.
 But what lorn maid, alas! will boast,
 The spreading sail, or willing wind.
 That wafts her from her native coast.
 To leave her fondest hope behind.

Enter

Enter DANIEL.

Daniel. The mules are put to the carriages, my Lady, and it's only four leagues to Geneva—oh, I'd like to have forgot; here's an odd kind of man with only one eye, who says he came by your Ladyship's order.

Lady Phil. By my order? oh then, it must be the English guide that the Count recommended—*he* him in: he is just in time to go along with us. *[Exit. Daniel.]*

Enter Mr. SIDNEY, (disguised as LOPEZ.)

You are the person recommended to be our guide?

Lopez. (*Speaking quick throughout his scenes, in disguise*) The same at your Ladyship's eternal command! now I'm launched, my fears begin to vanish! (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. How had you the misfortune to lose an eye?

Lopez. Merely by intense study, illustrious Lady.

Lady Phil. What might that study be?

Lopez. The Heraldry of antient Greece.

Lady Phil. How fortunate to meet with so illumined a creature! why you must have seen better days!

Lopez. I have indeed, my Lady; and am lineally descended from the first race of Picts, who made, you know, no small figure in the world, before cloaths came into fashion!

Enter DANIEL, who stares at Mr. Sidney.

Lady Phil. Take care of this person, Daniel, he's a clever creature, and has known better days.

D

Daniel.

Daniel. Take care of my little stock of linen!
(*aside.*)

Lady Phil. Now I look at him again, I can plainly perceive the man of consequence in him.
(*aside.*) What is your name?

Lopez. Lopez is my travelling name, my Lady.

Lady Phil. Well, then, Lopez, you may now recite the curiosities that are most worthy our seeing.

Lopez. It's well I picked up a slice or two of the marvellous, along with my new jacket.
(*aside.*) First of all, most noble Lady, you have no doubt, paid a visit to the immense Glacieres!

Lady Phil. No, we have not.

Lopez. No? why, one of them wears his snowy nightcap two thousand toises above the common clouds.

Daniel. Phew! (*whistles.*)

Lady Phil. That must be nobly tremendous!

Lopez. On our right about a league and a half, stands—the enchanted castle of the mountains.

Daniel. (*impatiently.*) Aye, that's the very same castle, my Lady, I told you of; and a sight worth travelling to see indeed! Oh, he's a much cleverer fellow than I took him for. (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. Who is the possessor?

Lopez. (*pausing.*) A lucky thought—I'll give it to the Comte—'Tis one of the antient possessions of the Comte Friponi.

Lady Phil. Indeed!

Lopez. Yes my Lady—But I must request you to be on your guard, as he is unwilling to acknowledge this part of his domain, from
the

the awful family circumstance which led to his present celebrity.

Lady Phil. What family circumstance? proceed!

Daniel (anxiously.) Ay, pray, Sir, do tell us all about it!

Lopez. About a century and a half ago, a Knight of Charlemagne, one of the Comte's illustrious progenitors, was slain there, within the antient Hall of Arms, in a tilting match, gallantly defending the honour of his fair mistress. Immediately on hearing this, she threw herself headlong from the lofty battlements, and falling upon the foot of the Drawbridge, heroically dashed her lovely self to atoms!

Dan. Poor soul!

Lady Phil. She acted, indeed, like an antient woman of honour.

Lopez. At four periods in the year, about twilight, she has since been seen to pass through the illumined Hall, sometimes in white, at others in blue and fire.

Daniel. Bless me—blue and fire!

Lady Phil. But who inhabits it now?

Lopez. Two ladies, who had quarrelled with the world, are said to have got there, but for what purpose is not known.

Lady Phil. I am all impatience to behold the Hall of Arms.

Lopez. I can shew your Ladyship that, and the castle throughout, without the Comte's delicacy being hurt by the knowledge of it.

Daniel. Oh, it will be well worth your seeing my Lady—Suppose I was to go forward myself, and enquire a little about it first?

Lady Phil. I don't think that would be amiss, Daniel; and bring me some further account of it to Geneva. But be careful, for curiosity, you know, has always been your particular failing; so take care Daniel, that it does not run you into too much danger. [Exi

Daniel. Oh, never fear me, my Lady, for spirits and wizzards you know, were always my delight from a child. What a comical world it is that we odd folks live in! nothing delights my curiosity so much as a touch of the marvellous! now and then it fancies a bit of the doleful! tho' a little simple mirth after all it finds the easiest of digestion.

AIR IX.

JOY and grief are too many for poor little Dan.

In his mind they kick up such a pother;

So the one I serve truly as well as I can,

And by some friendly proxy do suit to the other!

For light is my heart, and merry,

With a high up! not with your low down derry.

See these eye-lids were made for no snivelling Elf;

But light feather'd to twinkle with glee;

When I'm merry, I manage to laugh with myself,

And when sad, why this flask kindly weeps for poor me.

For light is my heart, and merry,

With a high up! not with your low down derry.

SCENE

SCENE V.

An extensive Lake; A Fisherman's Hut in a Rock, &c.

DALTON *coming out of the Hut.*

Dalton. Let me turn from the distressing scenes of memory, to those of nature, so beautifully ranged around me—how unruffled is this expanse of water!

AIR X.

ELEMENT of liquid beauty,
 Mirror chaste as op'ning day,
 How enchanting is your duty,
 Graceful nature to display!
 Like the face of that fair creature,
 Born for man's supreme delight,
 Thou art deck'd with every feature,
 That can captivate the sight!

How contradictory are all the accounts I can collect! my retreat in this trusty creature's hut, will at least enable me to avoid the Sidney family, who would only trifle with my distress. And yet I would gladly learn the better fate of Dorimond and his Julia, in whose cause I have so severely suffered.—Though I have at length found out the solitary abode of my cruel fugitive, how can I approach it, while her last words weigh so heavily on my heart? “ Her
 “ wealth the object of my address, while the
 “ person of another engaged my affection! ’twas a
 “ charge, which my pride can never condescend
 “ to refute—had she been inferior to me in for-
 “ tune

“tune, a single prejudice of her mind against
 “me, my whole life should have been devoted
 “to remove.”—But here comes my honest fisherman, whose busy scenes afford me some amusement.

Enter Fisherman.—Dalton shakes hands with him.

AIR XI—GLEE.

OH ! say, ye happy mountaineers, who lead a life secure,
 How little do you reckon on the hardships we endure ;
 While on the lake, poor fishermen for bread are doom'd to go,
 Dark or light,
 Day or night,
 Where tempestuous winds do blow,
 And the billows break below !

Our element's the water, on which we work amain,
 The stars our only pilots, to steer us home again ;
 But on the beach re-landed, we feel our spirits flow,
 And on shore,
 Heed no more
 How tempestuous winds do blow,
 Or the billows break below !

Fisherman. Come, lads, bustle, bustle, and
 I'll be with you by the time you've shot the biggest trowl in the bay. *[Exeunt Fishermen.]*

Enter NERINDA peeping.

Dalton. Torment us how she may—woman, dear woman, must still be the solace of our lives !

Ner. As the only lady in company, that compliment must belong to me—*(aside. Dalton turns and*

and sees her) I fear, Sir, as a stranger, you flatter me!

Dalton. I must first learn how to do justice to so charming a creature! but say, my pretty one, who are you? and how came so lovely an English woman in these rude mountains?

Ner. Well, how delightful it is, to hear our native tongue, now and then so charmingly spoken!

Dalton. Where do you inhabit?

Ner. Hard by! I saw you from our battlements, straying, as I thought, in a melancholy mood; so I ran to ask you, if you stood in need of any thing.

Dalton. Charitable soul! she certainly belongs to the castle! (*aside.*)

Ner. Pray, Sir, inform me,—how left you our native country?

Dalton. Bearing herself still proudly, as becomes the first of nations; and solicitous, like you, to succour those around her in distress! but you'll allow me to attend you back—I've a thousand things to say to you!

Ner. Oh no, that can't be—we keep a very strict house, I assure you! And yet he seems a good creature, that might assist me in comforting my poor lady! (*aside*) Do you see that dismal mansion? (*pointing.*)

Dalton. Not long since I passed near it!

Ner. Then, if you must know, two spinsters of us inhabit it.

Dalton. Indeed! the companion, no doubt, of my Louisa (*aside*).

Ner. One fascinated by the spells of her own mind, from which I would fain relieve her—and
the

the other escaped from a convent—and as you see, not exactly calculated for such solitary confinement.

Dalton. But your companion—is she an Englishwoman, and as charming as yourself?

Ner. Every way my superior, I assure you—but you must not be too particular at present—a thought has just struck me, that you might perhaps assist me in rallying her out of this self captivity.

Dalton. By all means! command me this instant!

Ner. Oh no! not quite so violently: for I can only gain you admittance by an innocent stratagem—but indeed, how dare I confide in a stranger?

Dalton. Why should you doubt me?

Ner. That's true; for you are an Englishman, and the service I require of you, is the kind relief of a woman!

Dalton. Then let me fly with you this moment.

Ner. I tell you, that's impossible; but should I happen to see you a little before sun-set where the view opens from the castle to the Glacieres, there, if my courage fail me not, I may, perhaps, give you further instructions, till then, adieu!

Dalton. I'll certainly attend you—But surely you will not leave me thus uninformed, to return to solitude?

AIR XII.—NERINDA.

SINCE you ask me, I'll honestly tell you the truth,
Flesh and blood cannot bear such restraint in their youth!
I should like this same solitude, better, I own,
Was it not that I hate to be sighing alone!

For then poor *Heigho*! is but labour in vain,
Because one can't get a *Heigho* back again!

Two rivers when blended, we very well know,
 At all times more sweetly in unison flow :
 Then my word for't you'll find that there's nothing amiss,
 If two hearts should thus form but one current of bliss ;
 For then poor *Heigho* is not labour in vain,
 Because one may get a *Heigho* back again !

SCENE VI.—*An Hotel at Geneva.*

JULIA, and CAZELLE entering to her.

Caz. The Comte come with my lady, and she ask Mademoiselle for you—I beg pardon—but I hope you not forget, that de foreign Comtes are never the most honourable lover.

Julia. You are determined, I find Cazelle, to make me every hour more your debtor.

Caz. Oh, Miss, you honour too great my humble fidelité. (*retiring.*)

Julia. Come hither, Cazelle—I owe you much more than this small tribute of gratitude for my preservation. (*offering a purse*)

Caz. Oh, no, Miss (*laying his hand on his breast.*) I have been pay for it here, over, and over again !

Julia. Noble minded creature !

Cazelle! My transport had nearly betrayed me. (*aside.*) [Exit.

Julia. There is something in the mild manners of this faithful Cazelle, which indicates, that fortune has been unmindful of his deserts—his kind attention to my safety, brings to my mind the painful recollection of the friend, if nothing more, I lost, in Dorimond !

AIR XIII.

Oh love, declare! dear friendship, say,
Why, why shou'd memory impart,
A blifs, or sorrow pass'd away,
To cheat, alas, the silly heart?

On plighted vows—on transports dwell,
Such, memory, alone impart,
From thy record these fondly tell,
And kindly cheat the silly heart!

Enter COMTE, leading in Lady PHILIPPA.

Comte. Ah, ma chere Dame; comme vous aime! (*Sings ad lib, and kneels.*)

Lady Phil. Rise, Comte, I intreat you!

Enter LOPEZ, (unobserved.)

Lopez. (Aside.) “Surely this can't be the
“old family way.”

Comte. “How I you adore!”

Lady Phil. “I must not allow even of this
travelling familiarity.”

Lopez. “Nor I, or we shall make the grand
tour too soon.” [*Aside.*]

Lady Phil. “Rise, Comte, I conjure you!”

Comte. “How can I rise, without your fair
“hand?”

Lopez. (Aside) “I'll shew you (*going between*
“*them.*) As you seem to have made a slip, sir,
“suppose you make shift with mine? (*presents*
“*his band.*)

Lady Phil. “Mercy, how the man alarm'd
“me!”

Comte.

Comte. "Lopez, how can you be so dam
"a fool?" (*Aside.*)

[*Lopez whispers the Comte.*]

Comte. "Mademoiselle come dis way? Oh,
"vous avez raison. (*Aside to him.*) My lady, je
"vous demande pardon." [*Talks apart with her.*]

Lopez. "My doubts increase, if not my
"dangers—but being undiscovered, I am in a
"fair way of satisfying the one, tho' I may not
"prevent the other! at all events I shall rescue
"my child from the contagion of such travelling
"examples." [*Exit.*]

Lady Phil. Oh, here she comes—Julia, child,
you have kept us waiting for you.

Julia. I intreat your pardon Lady Philippa.

Lady Phil. Let me introduce you to the
Comte Friponi, the head of one of the most
antient houses in the circle—she has a mauvaise
honte, you'll perceive, Comte, which travel will
in time correct.

Comte. Certainment (*Singing and looking inqui-*
sitively at Julia.) "Ma foi! elle est assez jolie!
"Upon my word, how can I know which
"is Madame, and which is Mademoiselle?"

Lady Phil. "You are right, Comte, for she's
"sometimes taken for my elder sister."

Comte. "En verité! I'm not at all surprize!"

Lady Phil. "But you shou'd know, Monsieur
"le Comte, that I was a very young and silly
"girl indeed, when I condescended to give my
"hand to Julia's father." I'll just step and
finish my di'patches, and return to you immediate-
ly. [*Exit.*]

Comte. Bon! Now I make de littel love to
Miss.

AIR XIV. DUET.

Comte. Ma belle ! ma jolie Reine !

Julia. What is it, sir, you mean—

Let me go !

Comte. Oh, no, no !

Julia. Release me, sauciest of men !

Comte. How shall I catch a you again ?

Julia. Hence from me fly—

Comte. Cruel ! you will make a me die !

Julia. What care I ?

Comte. But ah ! morblieu !

I'd rather live, ma chere, pour vous.

[Julia breaks away and Exit.

Comte. “ Dat is ver drole ! But she have
 “ de bonne fortune—so, de next time I run wid
 “ her away sans ceemonie ! Till one of de dear
 “ creature come back, what will I do pour passer
 “ le temps ? (*walks towards the end of the room, and*
 “ *looks out of the glass-doors.*

“ Re-enter Lady PHILIPPA, and JULIA.

Lady Phil. Ridiculous child ! Now your affectation carries you as far the other way ! “ He
 “ is a man of high birth ; so that if he had been
 “ hurried into an indiscretion, it wou'd not have
 “ been with a subordinate branch of the family.

Comte. (*walks up to them*) “ Eh bien,
 “ Mademoiselle, how you fly comme de littel
 “ bird upon de wing ! (*to Julia ; then talks apart*
 “ *with Lady Philippa.*)

Julia. “ To be driven from the man I love,
 “ and obliged to solicit protection of another in
 “ the absence of my father, from the wretch
 “ I hate, is a destiny severe indeed !” [Aside.

[Savoyards heard without.

Lady.

Lady Phil. What delightful music.

Comte. Une petite ferenade, I command pour passer le temps !

Lady Phil. How extremely well bred.

[*Savoyards enter, and play.*]

Enter CAZELLE.

Cazelle. A packet my lady, from England.

[*Delivers letters.*]

Lady Phil. What a charming bustle will travel afford !

Comte. Oh, de travaille ! Oui ! It is le plus jolie chose du monde.

Lady Phil. Come Julia, you promised to throw aside your English ennui.

Julia. True Madam ! But how hard to feign a merriment to which the heart's a stranger !

[*Aside.*]

AIR XV. QUINTETTE.

The cross road of life, which all mortals pursue,
MERRY TRAVELLERS only with comfort pass thro' ;
They stoop but to gather its pleasantest flowers,
Then gaily trip on with the light-footed hours.

END OF ACT I.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*Cazelle alone.*

THERE goes the Comte's rascally spy—our guide, plotting every possible mischief against the peace of a worthy man! had Mr. Sidney's family no other claims on my service, I am bound to protect it in his absence, even by the common duties of humanity! Never yet have I alarmed her delicacy by an abrupt avowal of my passion. Had I revealed myself when I snatched her from the waves, I might have misinterpreted her emotions of gratitude, for those of love! Oh no! my mind must first receive some better assurance that her absent Dorimond still lives in her regard.

[*Exit*]SCENE II.—*The Glacieres.*

DANIEL, *discovered with a skin of wine.*

Daniel. I begin to think this confounded curiosity of mine, will carry me a little too far! If I shou'd be surpriz'd in these lonely mountains, what wou'd become of me?

[*Seeing a Savoyard.*

Hey day, what have we here? Troth, and so it is—one of the Shepherd's hurdy-gurdies, with which

which he charms his mountain lasses. I'll see if it will say a soft thing or two to me (*turns it*) yes, yes, (*laughing*) 'tis a common prattling fool, that we wise men can always play upon! (*plays again*) well, that ever I shou'd turn out such a master of music! Why, I do it better than the fam'd thrummer of old; he only caper'd the stones out of rocks—now see how I tickle even flesh and blood from the mountains!

[*Shepherds and Shepherdesses descend from the GLACIERES, dancing.*]

Ecod, but their fellows are along with them! I've heard these long whisker'd sparks are now and then given to jealousy! I'll hide up a little!

[*Conceals himself in the rocks.—Dancers pass off.*]
Shepherdess. I'm sure I heard him near this glen—which way can he have taken?

Dan. (*Peeping.*) I'm not sorry they are gone! two or three of them were furious looking dogs—Fh! that was civil enough tho', to leave one of their nymphs behind 'ern. [*Plays a strain.*]

Shep. Davio! (*running towards him*) Ah! no! 'tis some stranger! [*Falls back.*]

Dan. Come, come, my pretty lass, you are rather surpriz'd at my skill—but that's nothing to what I can do.

A I R XVI. SHEPHERDESS.

Came you near yon mountain glade,
 By the track the mules have made?
 Path to me for ever dear,
 Trodden by my Muleteer!

O'er the frozen waste of snow,
 Light and fearless do I go,
 If the cheerful voice I hear,
 Of my faithful Muleteer.

Cold my bosom never knows;
 For my heart with rapture glows,
 When the cheerful voice I hear,
 Of my faithful Muleteer!

Dan. No, I did not meet any such tramper; but you are in luck, my little grass-hopper, in popping upon the cleverer fellow of the two! come, can't I do as well?

Shep. Ah! no!

Dan. Bless your little innocent heart, then if that's the case, I won't distress you by tarrying—I'll look for him as I go on, and if I find him, be sure I'll send him to you.

Shep. La! where did you get that favoyard?

Dan. Found it on the green-sward here!

Shep. Lay it down again directly, for fear you shou'd be seen with it.

Dan. Seen with it—why?

Shep. It belongs to the shepherd who keeps the watch this day on the mountain—the tune to which it is set, calls them altogether, and if they caught you laughing at them, they'd punish you, by shutting you up in one of the caves.

Dan. Lord a' mercy! you don't say so? (*throws it down*) what a narrow escape I've had! I'll begone! But hark ye, little one; is this the way to the old castle, that they say is enchanted?

Shep. Yes; you'll see it on your left when you have pass'd this Mountain.

Dan.

Dan. Well, that's lucky however—but are you certain it's bewitched?

Shep. So my grandmother says—but I'm sure I don't know: two or three of our Shepherds have been there on a Sunday, and they never got any harm—good b'ye!

Dan. Well then—good bye! [*Exit Sheperdes.* Come now, little DAN, as we are alone, answer me one question fairly; an't you a bit of a coward at the bottom after all? No, that I am not! (*blustering*) and suppose I was, you don't believe I shou'd be such a fool to own it, even to myself:—if I have a fault, 'tis bearing a little too much to the desperate side of valour.

AIR XVII. DANIEL.

Does this look like the face DAN,
Betwixt me and you;
Wou'd that Daniel disgrace man,
Antiquity knew,
Whom no sense of danger could ever subdue?
Little DAN will not flinch,
He's a man ev'ry inch,
To his name-fake of old he will ever prove true,
Whom a Den full of Lions cou'd never subdue!

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E III.

LOPEZ and the COMTE meeting.

Comte. Ah, ah! mon ami, Lopez, you must help me to make de love to de dear ladies Angloises.

Lopez. What, both, your honor?

Comte. Oui, both to be sure. You make Madame in love wid the antiquité of mon famille;
F and

and Mademoiselle in love aussi, wid my youth and bon esprit !

Lopez. (Aside) Here's a complete scoundrel for you ! But could not the Swifs lend a hand, your honor upon a pinch ?

Comte. To be sure—he will do what I command.

Lopez. I thought so—ingrate, thus to cancel the obligations I owed him. *[Aside.*

Enter CAZELLE, (observing them unseen.)

Caz. The confederates I see, are met in knavish council. *[Aside.*

Comte. Here, mon ami, take de l'argent comptant, and if ycu do my business tres bien, by gar I vill enrichè vous for life. *[Gives him money.*

[Exit.

Caz. So—the compact of villainy is fully ratified. *[Aside.*

Lopez. Now am I in the high road to preferment, or the devil's in't ! But it was rather short sighted in me to enter on such a service with only one eye, which required all the vigilance of him, who in wiser times, cou'd hardly make shift with a hundred. *(Seeing Cazelle.)* Oh, here comes his new associate, Mr. Whiskers—why not tax him with his knavery at once ?

Caz. I cannot with-hold my indignation any longer.

AIR XVIII. CAZELLE, LOPEZ, and Sir LEINSTER.

<i>Cazelle,</i> and <i>Lopez.</i>	}	Come, Sir, you're a rank impostor ; Well I know what you're about, And the villainies you foster. Sirrah, have I found you out ?
---	---	---

Alternately

Alternately. Sure he has not found me out!
How can you, since that's the case,
Dare to look me in the face?

Enter SIR LEINSTER.

Sir Leinster. What the devil's all this clatter?

Both. How can you, since that's the case,

Sir Leinster. Jontlemen, pray what's the matter?

Both. Dare to look me in the face?

Sir Leinster. Varlets, can't you fight in peace?

Sir Lein. Why, now, as fellow servants shou'd you take the trouble of going to loggerheads, when I've a little snug quarrel ready made to your hands? Here it is (*producing a letter*) "Win her, and wear her"—oh, to be sure and I won't do that.

Caz. What can all this mean?

Lopez. Some new family mischief on foot, my life on't!

Sir Lein. Come, as neither of you can write, I'll read this to myself, that you may both understand it, d'ye see together. (*reads*) "Mr. Count"

Both: The Count!

Sir Lein. Faith, and you have both made a good guess of it;—"Mr. Count, I shall be ready
" to give you satisfaction for the insult you have
" offer'd a sweet creature—you will expect to
" see me near the Cypress Grove precisely at
" three o'clock—I mean to bring only one friend,
" and that's my ownself—as a man of honor, he
" may see fair play for both of us!—

" Your's to command,

" LEINSTER M'LAUGHLIN."

Now do you perceive that this same Count—

Caz. But who has he insulted, Sir? [*anxiously.*

Lopez, Ay, pray, Sir, only tell us that.

Sir Lein. Why, who shou'd it be, to be sure, but the dear little Julia her own sweet self?

Caz. Miss Julia?

Lopez. In what manner? my agitation, I fear will discover me. [Aside.

Sir Lein. Only by his impertinent familiarities, and proposing to the sweet soul to run off with him, and leave me, d'ye see Sir Leinster, disconsolate behind.

Caz. Consummate scoundrel! [Aside.

Lopez. Oh, if that be all, Sir, her own good sense and honor will protect her.

Sir Lein. To be sure and I won't "win her and wear her." Here—which of you two lacquies will take— [Offering the letter.

Caz. I fly vid de letter, Sir!

Lopez. No, your honor, pray entrust it to me—this is not the kind of correspondence that the Swiss usually conveys to the Count.

Sir Lein. Well—see that he has it speedily betwixt you, while I get my little *Wogdons* ready. I hope this same Cypress Grove is a snug place—that if one of us shou'd happen to be kilt, he may not bother the other, with a hue and cry after the survivor.

Caz. But how you know de Comte, Sir, as you never see him?

Sir Lein. Oh, let me alone for that—I think I have travell'd far enough to find out a rascal in any part of the world—and how to punish him into the bargain. [Exit.

Caz. Monsieur guide—tell me—for what I see de Comte give you dat money just now?

Lopez. To make your mouth water for a share of it—look ye, Mr. Swiss, our suspicions of each other

other, if ill founded, may now be removed—by entrusting you with this letter I prove at least that I have no desire to screen a villain. (*Gives the letter.*)

Caz. This is more mysterious than all the rest.

[*Aside.*

Lopez. Convince me by the punctual delivery of it, that you are equally faithful, and we shall soon come to a better understanding, my life on't.

[*Exit.*

Caz. Were it not for that purse of money, I shou'd think it possible, that this fellow might still be honest—but I begin to suspect every thing around me.—Hitherto I have avoided discovery! To be banished the family as a friend, and recalled into it as a domestic, are transitions which fortune in the height of her caprice, does not often display. Yet the service is still hazardous, for with my dialect, I must continue to disguise those feelings also, which the presence of her I love so naturally inspires!—Poor Dalton! harder still is his fate, to loose his own mistress in the kind endeavour to secure mine! When in compassion to my natural diffidence, he was prevailed upon to convey my sentiments of affection to JULIA, I little thought it could afford to Miss Somerville the slightest ground, for jealousy or suspicion. Had I seen her before so abrupt a departure to shut herself in a family castle on the Continent, I might have convinced her at least, that Dalton's interviews with my Julia, were merely to promote the addresses of his friend.

AIR.

AIR XIX. CAZELL.

His vows to Julia, lovely maid,
Where all from passion free ;
Whate'er he look'd, whate'er he said,
In friendship 'twas for me.

A sense of honour, would reprove
A thought that wrongly press'd,
And check the selfish sigh of love,
Ere it escap'd his breast.

SCENE IV.—*Near the front of the Castle.*DANIEL *alone.*

Dan. Yes, yes! this must be it! chuck full of wizards and hobgoblins I'll warrant it—and there's the drawbridge, upon which the poor knight's mistress dash'd her pretty self to pieces!—I wish my lady had come along with me, for my courage, like my wit, always appears to most advantage in good company! I thought I heard one of the rusty casements grate on the hinges! (*Robin appears on the battlement*) That's no ghost however!—hip!

Robin. Who's there?

Dan. Only one come to ask how you are, coop'd up in this dismal place?

Robin. Pack off! or I must unmuzzle the wolf-dog at you!

Dan. I'd rather hear your own sweet voice—pray come down, good Sir, and prattle here. (*sits on the moat-wall and fills his flask from the skin*) Lud—lud—how it does grieve a body!

Robin (softly) Hallo! what are you about? hip!—I zay, is that the way you grieve? what have you got there?

Dan.

Dan. Nothing—no—it don't signify! these are hard times, when a poor fellow like myself, can't get a friend to lend him a hand with a stoop of old wine. (*drinks*)

Robin. Old wine!—I ha been tasting a little good stuff myself, in our cellar—but I dont like tippling alone—zo ztop—and I'll ztep softly down to you. [*Exit.*]

Dan. I gues's'd this must fetch him, if any thing cou'd.

[*Robin lets down the draw-bridge, unlocks the pallisadoe, and comes out with his coat on his arm.*]

Dan. What a tremendous draw-bridge!

[*Robin locks the palisadoe, and puts the key in his pocket.*]

Robin. I thought you were zorely grieved about zomewhat!

Dan. So I am. (*drinks*)

Robin. Then dont'e take it to heart too much—but leave a little for me to grieve along with'e!

Dan. With all the pleasure in life—(*Gives him the flask. Robin drinks*)—Take a hearty pull at it—it wont hurt you!

Robin. Ecod, it's a clever notion sure enough!

Dan. Come, now to businefs—I've a message of compliment to your castle.

Robin. Lord love'e, we never receive any messages, or compliments.—Mum! dont'e talk quite so loud.

Dan. Now shall I hear all about it! (*aside*) .to be sure I have heard an odd character of your family—come, among friends—who, and what are you? and are you enchanted or not?

Robin. It's more than my life's worth!

Dan.

Dan. Indeed! now the more frighten'd I am, the more do I want to see the inside of this castle. (*aside*) Only let me take a peep at the antient Hall of Arms!

Robin. I be zwarn to zecrecy!

Dan. The devil you are! in a spell, I suppose, with a circle made round you with charcoal? (*mean time Robin drinks*) he sucks it in kindly! I'll ply him closer, and if an open hearted fellow like myself, the good creature will soon soften him. [*Aside.*]

AIR XX.—DUET.—DANIEL and ROBIN.

Daniel. Fellow-servant, come, here's to you! (*drinks*)

Robin. Thank you—and much good may't do you.

That's bravely quast!

Daniel. Come, mend your draught!

Both. 'Tis the stuff with which wise men from old Noah's flood

Have enliven'd their hearts, by enriching their blood.

Robin. Is this sack, or not, I query?

Daniel. No—'tis generous Canary.

Come drain the skin, boy, fill the wicker,

Fill it nimbly—drain it quicker!

Duo. { What a pity that wine, with a bright sparkling face,
Shou'd not smile on poor servants when turn'd out of place.

Robin. (*sitting down, and repeating indistinctly*) Should not smile!—what a pity! poor zervants! what a—(*falls asleep.*)

Dan. Yes! now I have done it with a vengeance! for I have made him speechless, by way of getting the secret out of him! if I go back

back without some account of this place, I shall neither satisfy my lady's curiosity, nor my own. (*looking towards the bridge*) The drawbridge indeed is down, and the key of the pallisadoe he put into his left hand pocket. But no—I can't bear the petty larceny of picking pockets—so I'll e'en change garments with him at once—mine will keep him warm in his nap—and his may serve me both for a pass, and protection. (*changes coats.*) My heart begins to misgive me forely—but what have I to fear? I don't know that ever I wronged man, woman, or child—so, with a good conscience, I don't see what's to harm me. (*Enters over drawbridge, and locks the pallisadoe gate after him.*)

Robin. (*waking at the sound of the drawbridge*) Lord! where be I? why, our castle goes round like a whirligig! (*looking about*) where be the chap? I be sorry he's gone—he was a kind hearted vellow—for he loved the good stuff dearly (*searches DANIEL's coat for the key*) Why! how now? plague take'n, he has been too knowing for me zure enough!—"what a pity; what a pity"—the devil take his pity!—the cunning rogue must be one of the mountain banditti! he's got my key of the drawbridge, and, as zure as I'm alive, let the gang in while I was a little dizzy! mercy on us, what mun I do? Why the Swiss guards be quartered not far off—zo I'll run and vetch some of them, and they'll match'n for it, I warrant'e! [*Exit.*]

G

SCENE

SCENE V.—*Cypress Grove.*

Sir LEINSTER with a case of pistols, looking at his watch.

Sir Lein. How punctual I am—only a quarter of an hour before my own appointment—To be sure, and it's not a mark of very ill breeding to keep a jontleman waiting in an affair of honour! but, *Sir Leinster*, you may as well, my dear, be getting things in readines, and take out your little family. (*takes his pistols out of the case, measures six short paces, sets up his cane and his hat upon it, falls back, and strips to his flannel waistcoat*) I always take off my outer garment on these occasions; for there is, I think, rothing so beggarly, as for a jontleman to wear a fine coat with a hole in it. (*puts himself in a fighting attitude, levelling at his hat*)

Enter BURGOMASTER.

Burgo. Let the guard be relieved regularly, that the peace of the city may be duly preserved.

Sir Lein. The two dearest friends in the whole creation could not wish to fight at a prettier distance!

Burgo. What man is this playing such anticks?

Sir Lein. Oh! and are you come at last? I thought you did not intend to let me see your odd face again.

Burgo. I am mistaken, if ever I saw your's before.

Sir

Sir Lein. That's all one—the fewer words, you know, the better—so you may stick yourself up at once by my cane, if you please.

Burgo. This must be some man deranged in his mind!

Sir Lein. Oh, if you prefer it a pace or two nearer its all one to Sir Leinster.

Burgo. Armed! this poor creature may endanger his own life, if not that of others—what ho!

Guards enter.

Secure this unfortunate man, but treat him with lenity, till you hear further from me. *[Exit.*

Guards seize Sir Leinster.

Sir Lein. Seize me! for what? oh, you prodigious coward! this is a new fashion'd way of giving a gentleman satisfaction indeed!

Serj. Peace!

Sir Leins. Only wait a moment, and see if I don't wing him at least.

AIR XXI.—TRIO and CHORUS.

Soldiers. This traitor to the guard house take,
For he has lost his reason,
'Tis thus their wits low knaves forsake,
To dabble in high treason.

We'll all his fly manœuvres mark!
Now march away, the precious spark,
For hark! the roll call! hark!

(drum heard without.)

Sir Leins. Unhand me varlets, what d'ye mean?

I'm sure yourselves are crazy!
Och, let me but that coward cane,
'Twill make me mighty easy.

52 THE TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND :

Soldiers. Soon you'll be tried by laws of High Court Martial
And from their honors' sentence, so impartial,
Be cat-o-nine-tail'd out of breath,
Or else more nobly shot to death,

[*Exeunt.*

Enter COMTE, looking round fearfully.

Comte. I have no grand inclination pour le combat! (*sings melancholy*) but I save mon reputation if possible---no body here but moi meme! courage, mon ami. (*sings bolder*) Ma foi, he no come at all! (*sings*) la, la, la! aw, aw! voila! de laquais vid one apologé!

Swiss Enters.

Caz. Sir Leinster not here? this fellow's triumph will be insupportable.

Comte. Eh Bien! vere be votre maitre?

[*Blustering.*

Caz. I come, Monsieur, from——

Comte. No Sir—no apologé will do—my honor will have de satisfaction instantment.

[*Draws.*

LOPEZ, looking in.

Lopez. And that damn'd Swiss of ours to be his second after all! (*aside*)

Caz. But Monsieur a little patience.

Comte. No Sir—I will have no littel patience.

Lopez. What a furious dog this turns out! why, where the devil is Sir Leinster? he has mistaken the place—I'll run and see for him.

Comte. I vill proclaim votre maitre un grand poltroon—if he no come, vy he not send some depute

depute?—I fight le diable himself, if he send to me! (*Sings*) “Malbrook il va ton guerra!”

Caz. Den Sir accept de humble endeavour of de servant to appease you. (*Draws his sword and throws off his cloak.*)

Comte. Quelle outrage! fight vid de Valet and de Swiss---no Sir---I no condescend to kill à you en verité!— [Puts up his sword.

Caz. Pitiful evasion! behold the man who is now oppos'd to you and see, if in any lineament of his face, you can read dishonour!

Oh miserable—un diable Anglois!

Caz. Come, Sir—

Enter LOPEZ, undiscovered.

Lopez. Ay, ay! Why, here's a new turn to the game.

Caz. No wonder that the assailant of a woman's honor shou'd want the spirit to defend his own.

Lopez. Well done, our Swiss! he's an honest fellow after all!

Caz. You wear in that hat a military emblem, which you must no longer disgrace---give it to me.

Comte. Cette petite ribbon la? Oh, wid all mon cœur!

Caz. One thing more---depart this city immediately---if you are found within a league of it an hour hence, your disgrace shall be the more exemplary.

Lopez. Eh! surely that voice is familiar to my ear!

[*Aside.*

Comte. La capitulation—let me confidere! (*aside*) ma foi, as I intend to get into de Cassel bewitch dis ver night, in search of de beauty, and beaucoup

beaucoup de l'argent—why not, I set off to reconnoitre dis ver moment ?

Caz. Come, Sir——

Comte. Monsieur, to do you de obligation, I shall go a la campagne avec beaucoup de plaisir! and so, bon jour, mon ami! you have got my little ribbon—you are von comical man upon my honor. [Exit.

Lopez. My honest fellow, give me your hand. (*Looking earnestly at him.*

Caz. Why de man stare so amaze ?

Lopez. (*Aside*) 'Tis he, as I live!—why you must know I was rather surpriz'd to hear a Swiss discourse in such excellent English. The dog has taken us all in, and I'm heartily glad of it! [Aside.

Caz. My indignation, I own, has got the better of my prudence; but as I now begin to think I have done you injustice, by suspecting you to be in league with this contemptible count—I'll atone for it by owning to you, that I am not what I seem, but—an unfortunate Englishman in disguise.

Lopez. Indeed? How my bosom labours to acknowledge him for one of my own! (*aside*) you have follow'd this family then, I presume, Sir, in friendship for its master?

Caz. Not so—tho' no one can revere that worthy man more than myself—I have attended them in this disguise with fear and trembling.

Lopez. For what?

Caz. Lest I should lose all that makes life desirable, in his lovely daughter!

Lopez. I shrewdly suspect then, that you love her, good Sir!

Caz.

Caz. Adore her! now have I imparted to you the dearest secret of my heart. Should you attempt to betray me, you shall not survive it.

Lopez. That's one way of making a man keep a secret sure enough! but depend on me, Sir—and accept of a little advice into the bargain. Lose no more time in your distant adoration—tell the young lady that you must, and will have her, and she has too great a regard for truth, I am sure, to let so clever a Gentleman as you break his word. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Glacieres.*

Enter DALTON.

Dalton. No poor sinner ever suffered more in his pilgrimage of conscience, than I in this penance of unrequited love.

AIR XXII.

Heavily drag the dull hours along,
Every hope disappearing;
Where, for a comfort, alas, shall I turn,
Or look for a ray that is cheering.
How unrelenting, how cruel of fate,
Hearts so entwin'd to sever;
Why have I trac'd out her distant abode,
When gone is her love for ever?
Oh, how enraptur'd I've dwelt on her smiles,
Smiles which so oft' have reliev'd me!
And on her vows so tenderly made,
Vows, which alas! have deceiv'd me!

How unrelenting, how cruel, &c.
But a truce to this fruitless complaining.—
Where, I wonder, is my Mountain Nymph?
The time of her appointment is near—But what
fantastical being have we here?

Enter

Enter COMTE,

(Hastily, with a Parasol, &c. singing.)

Comte. Ah! ah! un bon Garçon. Bon jour, mon ami!

Dalton. Pray, Sir, to what accident may I ascribe the honour of this visit?

Comte. For what I come here? Oh, I shall tell you dans un moment.—I am de Comte Fñponi, who was just oblige to fly from Geneve pour un little affaire d'honneur.

Dalton. Something of the duel kind, I presume?

Comte. Oui; a littel rencontre! Une belle Angloise, she attract with ma personé, and mon canto bello *(singing)* shew to me some little civilité d'amour.

Dalton. Very flattering, no doubt!

Comte. Ver flattere to be sure: But her Lover, bien impoli, resent it! call a me out! and I was so malheureuse to run him thro' de body. *(Sings)*

"*Ab mio core, &c.*"

Dalton. Killed him?

Comte. Oui; dead at my feet! But dat is not all; de pauvre Lady herself die for love of me at dis ver moment! *(Singing.)*

Dalton. Quick work, indeed, with both sexes. I suppose, Sir, you never fail?

Comte. Oh nevere! Jamais! nevere.

A I R XXIII. COMTE,

For de vomen, I've de plan, Sir,

Oh to charm dem—I'm de man, Sir!

Den I do---vid such an air,

Ev'ry ting beyond compare!

Be she Spanish,

Or Danish,

Or,

Or Russian,
 Or Prussian,
 Flotentine,
 Algerine,
 American,
 Belgican,
 Corsican,
 Mexican,
 Holander,
 Polander,
 Venetian, Grecian, Portuguese,
 Or pretty, prattling Piedmontese ;
 O, de sweet and lovely creature,
 I adore her every feature !
 Each soft word of love I utter,
 Set her little heart to flutter :
 Vid de kifs—her lip so hush is.
 Ven I ogle—den she blushes :
 If she hear my canto bello
 Den she cry—Oh charming fellow !
 Mara, Banti, Pachierotti,
 Billingtoni, sweet Manghotti,
 Little David, great Marchesi,
 Never give such note to please ye !
 Giornovich, or Giardini,
 Bold Pasquali, or Nardini,
 Corporalli or Viotti,
 Paiffiello or Mingotti.
 Sarti, Bruni, Boccherini,
 Heydn, Pleyel, San Martini,
 Grettry, Ditters, fat Jomelli,
 Bach, Clementi, or Corelli,
 Crofdil wid de rapid bow,
 Hautboy Parke, or Florio,

H

Canno:

Cannot make so pretty strain
 To relieve de lover's pain!
 But should rival come to fight me. (*draws his sword.*)
 Sa! Sa! to pink him it delight me;
 Angelo, D'Eon, La Piere,
 Fam'd St. George, or Lindamere,
 Flanconade I push soneat,
 Dead I lay him at my feet. (*returns his sword.*)
 Den return, like gallant fellow,
 To de girl wid canto bello!
 Viganoni, Morichelli,
 Lovetini, Faranelli,
 Alligranti, Gabrielli,
 Cressentini, Rubenelli,
 Never warble so complete!
 Mara never sing wid voice so sweet,
 Cramer never play de bow so neat!

Enter NERRIDA. (peeping)

Ner. Oh dear, as sure as I am alive there are two of them; and that's more than I bargain'd for! But one seems a Frenchman.

(*Comte walking and singing by himself.*)

Dalton How am I to get rid of this fellow?

Ner. What can there be in an Englishman, that makes him so superior a creature all the world over? When a countryman's by, there's no danger, so I'll e'en venture. Good day, gentlemen.

Comte. Ah ma chere—Vous etes belle comme.—

(*Dalton talks apart to her.*)

By gar, une jolie dame of de Castle! Ah! ma foi I make her let me in by love, which is so mcuh better than de force. (*aside.*)

Dalton. Hark ye, Sir, I have the vanity to think that this visit was not intended for you;
and

and therefore to avoid giving you the trouble, either of killing another unhappy lady, or running me through the body, I must request the favour of you to retire.

Ner. Well, how charming it is to be made so much of!

Comte. Retire? Sir, I must know what you mean by retire.

Dalton. (*turning him round*) This instant retire!

Comte. Well, Sir, to oblige you I will retire. I take my congè. But by gar, I must know a little more of this petit rendezvous to oblige myself. (*aside*). [Exit.

Dalton. Now, my pretty incognita, for the remainder of your history.

Ner. No, not a tittle of intelligence respecting the strength or weakness of our garrison, till you are on actual service. In the meantime can you venture to confide in me?

Dalton. Most fully.

Comte (*peeping*). Ah! ah! here come the denouement! (*aside*).

Ner. I may put it in your power then, to do an act with which your heart can never reproach you.

Dalton. Command me in what way you please.

Comte. And me so too—if it be de way I like. (*aside*)

Ner. Be near the Ivy Turret then, about Sunset, where I will endeavour to meet you.

Dalton. I will certainly attend you.

Comte (*aside*). Ma foi, and I so too!

AIR XXIII. NERISSA, DALTON, and COMTE.

TRIO.

Ner. As soon as Moon-beams bright,
 Lead Faries, and Elves a gadding,
 And dazzle lovers fight,
 'Till all their wits are madding,
 Will you appear,
 Our roof to cheer,
 And set our hearts a gladding?
 Yes, yes! yes, yes, Oh, yes, *and set, &c.*

Dalton. Beneath the lamp of night,
 While fairy tribes are playing,
 And by its witching light
 Love's whisperers are straying;
 I will appear,
 In hopes to cheer,
 And set your hearts a gladding.
 Yes, yes! yes, yes! Oh yes! *and set, &c.*

Ner. Be secret | I implore you.
Dalton. Be watchful |

Comte. Or I'll be dere before you. (*aside*)

All. { This coming night
 Shall give delight,
 When all around is still!
 Then I,
 And I,
 Will gladly fly,
 My promise to fulfill.
Ner. Remember!
Dalton. Remember!
Comte. Remember!

Ner. and Dalton. Your promise to fulfill!

Comte. My promise to fulfill!

END OF ACT II.

A C T

A C T III. SCENE I.

Enter LOPEZ.

Lopez (alone). “ It’s astonishing how much
“ I’m made of in my new character: but this is
“ not the first time that the servant has been pre-
“ ferr’d to his master! Where I shall find my
“ friend, Sir Leinster, I know not; for no sooner
“ had I procured his liberty, than out he sallied
“ after the Count, in search of a fresh adventure.
“ Now for this fam’d Castle, which Lady Phi-
“ lippa, still thinking it the Count’s, is so impa-
“ tient to behold: no improper scene for an
“ appeal to her pride, from the detection of an
“ impostor: there my day’s experiments will
“ terminate; should they fail in the reformation
“ of a wife, they will enable me at least to secure,
“ in honest Dorimond, the happiness of my child.
[Exit.

Enter CAZELL, (with a Bouquet)

Cazell. I have collected the few flowers this
country wou’d afford; scanty as they are, I can
trace among them, emblems of my own misery
with those of Julia’s charms! yet I dare not pre-
sent them in my own person. To live in this per-
petual anxiety, fearful of alarming her by my
discovery, yet dreading to lose her for ever, is
that

that alternate wretchedness I cannot endure ! But she comes this way, and seemingly more pensive than before !

Enter JULIA. (not observing Cazell)

Julia. This excursion to the Castle is no doubt intended to expose me to some new mortification. *(sits musing.)*

Cazell. (anxiously approaching) Miss Julia—! you seem indispose.

Julia. Oh Cazell, is it you ?

Cazell. I have bring de flowers, Miss, you ask for.

Julia. Lay them on the table, Cazell. I shall soon recover my spirits !

AIR XXIV.—CAZELL.

Twin roses you've archly contriv'd,
To display all your charms on your face,
For fragrance you knew was deriv'd,
From the bosom you're destin'd to grace.

Here is "*Love lies a bleeding*" behind,
But of "*Heart's ease*," no bud did I view,
In my search, not a sprig cou'd I find,
Or else I had cull'd it for you.

Rude clime ; 'twas in vain to explore,
For a bouquet of nature in thee,
Where Flora, alas ! is no more,
Than a poor humble stranger like me!

(By the emphatic expression of the last line she discovers him as he kneels.)

Julia. Oh ! Dorimond !—is it possible ?

Enter

Enter Lady PHILIPPA and LOPEZ.

Lady Phil. What is all this?

Cazell. We are undone! (*aside.*)

Lopez. Heyday, why here's another knee scene—Mr. Whiskers is now at his devotions!

Julia. One hope remains (*aside*)—as you have the opportunity Cazell—solicit her ladyship now self.

Lopez. No bad hit for a young one! (*aside.*)

Cazell. What can she possibly mean?

Lady Phil. But what is it he wishes?

Lopez. If I don't lend a hand, it's all over with them, I see. (*aside.*) Why, my lady, the poor fellow, from what I can learn of the matter, thinks he is likely to lose his place, on account of your having retained me:—so on his bended knee (*beckons to Cazell*) down! down! (*aside*) as you again behold, he solicits the honour to remain in your ladyship's service. (*Cazell kneels to Lady Philippa.*)

Lady Phil. Oh, now I understand him perfectly—and do not disapprove the creature's humility—

Julia. Admirable invention! (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. Well, then, you have no great reason to fear, young man, after preferring your suit with so much decorum.

Julia. Nor are you lessened in my esteem, Cazell, for this mark of your attachment to the family.

Cazell. My life is devote to your service! (*looking from Lady Phillippa, to Julia, who makes signals of affection to him and retires*) how fortunate the escape! (*to Lopez.*) [Exit.

Lopez. And who young spark, may you thank for it? *Lady*

Lady Phil. Have you no tidings of the Count, Lopez?

Lopez. None, my lady—that you'll like to hear at present. (*aside*)

Lady Phil. He has not withdrawn himself, I hope, in chagrin, at the coolness of my reception? Hearing of my intended visit to the castle, who knows but he may be gone thither, to prepare for our reception?

Lopez. Nothing more likely, my lady!

Lady Phil. You, Lopez, who understand the necessary appendages to a woman of fashion, would not advise me to neglect so elegant a chaperon, would you?

Lopez. Oh, by no means!

Lady Phil. Take this letter then, and deliver it immediately to the Count, if he remains in Geneva---It only appoints an explanatory rendezvous at the castle, to convince him, I meant not to treat him with disrespect: (*gives the letter*) but return as soon/possible, that we may fly to behold the antient beauties of the Hall of arms!

Lopez. I am at last, in the high road to family honours, or the devil's in it! (*aside.*)

Lady Phil. The Parisians, you know, Lopez—apropos, you speak french like a native, no doubt?

Lopez. There, I fear, she'll have me. (*aside*) As to modern French, my lady, it has been some time on the decline, and is evidently growing more barbarous every day—so that I seldom use more than two words, which I find sufficient passports where-ever I go.

AIR

AIR XXV—LOPEZ.

The soul of wit is brevity,

As all the antients tell us;

So, men of fewest words must be

The wittiest of fellows.

Then why multiply words when a couple will do,

Like *Manger*,

And *Changer*,

So glibly to carry one all the world thro'!

Two words will any bargain strike,

'Twixt all inclin'd to barter;

Except with women, who dislike

To lose the prattling charter.

Then why multiply words, &c.

SCENE II.—A room in the Castle.

DANIEL coming out of a closet.

Dan. I have cooped myself up these three hours, in this dismal wing of the castle, and now only venture out like a bat at dusk, for a mouthful of fresh air! This cursed curiosity of mine, I fear, will bring me to an untimely end!--here may I be hang'd like a scarecrow out of the watch tower, or rolled down the battlements by a pair of witches in a but full of spiked nails! All my hope is, that some good christian will come this way before it's quite dark to relieve me---Where have I got my unfortunate self? (*runs against a toilette table*) As sure as I'm alive, I have stumbled into some lady's bedchamber! what have we here, I fancy a looking glass, though none of the newest fashion---I thought I heard a
I footstep

footstep ! this has shewn many a nob in its time,
perhaps now it may contrive to hide one. (*conceals
himself behind the glass*)

Enter NERINDA.

Ner. Oh, that my scheme may succeed !
assisted by this honest Englishman---who knows
but I may prevail upon Miss Somerville to return
to England--at any rate the attempt must be-
guile her of some sad moments, and that will
make me happy---But what shall I call him ?
cousin ? oh no, that won't do---for methinks one
might have no great objection to be nearer re-
lated to him ! I would fain put on my best looks,
so I'll e'entake a peep how my bonnet fits (*walking
towards the glass*) and yet, my old friend, you and
I, are almost tired of each other, an't we ?

AIR XXVI.—NERINDA.

Dull reflector of odd faces,
I'll no more converse with you,
Give me back, my smiles and graces,
Or, pray give me something new.

If by magic or skill, brittle shewman,
You wou'd tickle the heart of a woman,
The secret to you I'll discover :
When she looks for a grace,
You must shew her the face
Of a man—to convert to a lover.

Wou'd you win her to good nature,
And her frowns lay on the shelf ;
Only give her back a creature,
More bewitching than herself.

If by magic, &c,
(*Daniel*)

(Daniel in peeping, reverses the glass, and is discovered through the frame.)

Ner. (Scrieks) Oh lud! a man! whence came you, and how got you here?

Dan. Now, for pity's sake, miss, don't be so violent! I'm more frightened than you, a thousand times over, and yet you don't hear me cry out!

Ner. Tell me, this instant, who, and what are you?

Dan. An out of the way kind of travelling gentleman---whose curiosity, as you may see, now and then gets him into a scrape.

Enter MARGERY, and other servants.

All. Oh dear ma'am! what's the matter?

Ner. Secure this ruffian, who by some means has broke in with an intent to murder us all, and plunder the castle!

Marg. My poor, dear Robin! look! see!

Servant. And so he has sure enough-- murdered poor Robin, and got on his very cloaths!

Ner. Convey him instantly to the dungeon, till I learn your lady's pleasure.

(They seize him.)

Dan. Only hear me, fair lady---as I hope for mercy!---

Enter ROBIN in Daniel's dress.

Marg. My dearest Robin---then they have not killed thee quite!

Robin. Oh, you treacherous knave! only bear witness, he's got my jacket on at this very moment.

Daniel.

Daniel. If I had known, I would not have been in your coat for a hundred ducats.

Ner. Where have you been, Robin?

All. Ay, where?

Robin. I hardly knowz where I'a been---or what I'a been about!---that rogue, there, gave me zweet poizon in a skin of wine, and I'a been asleep---or out of my zenses ever zince.

Marg. Oh, the merciless villain!

Robin. He be one of the mountain banditti, and the rest of the gang will zoon be after'n!---he stripped me o' my coat, and the key of the drawbridge in a whif---and I cou'd only get back to 'e Margery, by swimming over the moat like a water-rat---but there be they a coming, will teach'n better, I'll warrante.

Daniel. Indeed, and indeed, I'm as innocent as---

Ner. Away with him, and confine him closely till further orders. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.—*A distant view of the Castle at sunset.*

DALTON alone.

Though the affections of Miss Somerville may have been estranged from me, by the casual inheritance of these domains, I feel, as I approach yon castle, that my heart must still pay a constant homage to its cruel possessor.—How dignified its turrets rise, graceful even in decay!--Time was, a chief no doubt it boasted, whose fun of glory smiled on ages past;—whether his virtues have descended with his name, the mouldering mansion seems to question.

AIR

* AIR XXVII.

Say, Fame,

What is there in a titled name!

Or what in birth

To give hereditary worth,

That fleeting shadow of a noble pile,

On which the beams of honour proudly smile!

Let not around

Thy clarion breathe its sacred sound,

Unless to fire,

Inspire

The son to emulate a glorious fire!

SCENE IV.—*A plantation walk near the battlements of the castle.—Moonlight.*

ROBIN, alone.

Robin. If d'ye zee I'd know'd there was but only he, I zould not have thought it worth while to vetch so many zoldiers for one rogue. Certain, howzever, I've placed the whole tribe of the Switz guards at the foot of the mountain.---But, mum, Robin, not a zyllable about the zoldier volk, for fear my lady shou'd be angry.

Enter Miss SOMERVILLE.

Miss Som. And what does the ruffian say for himself, Robin?

Robin. Why, an' please you, my lady, he zays but little---but as I took a peep at'n thro' the iron lattice, he zeem'd to pay it away wi' thinking!

* This AIR has been transposed to the last scene of the OPERA in the stage representation.

Miss

Miss Som. I hope you let him want for nothing?

Robin. Oh, no my lady; I took'n two ribs of roast beef, and a zlice of baked pudding myself--but the zulky toad woud 'na feed.

Miss Som. Poor wretch---perhaps he may be unwell.

Robin. Unwell?---oh, he's a rum little chap!---but he shall give me my dry coat back again, howzever---When I clapp'd the beef down on the ztool before 'n, what now, my lady, do you think the cunning rogue zaid?---Iz thiz the way you treat your ztate prizoners, zays he---virzt and voremozt to take away their ztomachs, and then to zet good cheer before 'n?

Enter NERINDA.

Miss Som. Well, Nerinda!

Ner. He'll confefs nothing, ma'am, but that curiosity compell'd him to play this de-vice upon Robin.

Robin. Yez, gad rat 'n!

Miss Som. Of what country is he?

Ner. I believe he's an Englishman.

Miss Som. Some poor frantic wanderer---enquire of him further, and anon I'll fee him myself.

Robin. Lord, my lady, hez as cunning a little villain, with a tongue---

Ner. As nimble as your own. Come, follow me. *[Exeunt Nerinda and Robin.]*

Miss Som. Calm is this parting scene of nature---how soft her whispers of repose! Even the voice of sorrow now is still, save from that love-lorn bird, whose strains I hear.

AIR

A I R XXVIII—Miss SOMERVILLE.

Still let thy plaintive numbers flow,
Sweet bird of solitude and night,
And I will join the song of woe,
Until the morn's returning light.

With thee I'll shun the world's relief,
Woo sorrow only to my breast,
And press, for luxury of grief,
The thorn, that will not let it rest!

Enter NERINDA hastily.

Ner. Oh dear, ma'am, a body of armed men, no doubt the whole gang, are halted towards the west tower.

Miss Som. Impossible! and in a country so fam'd for peace and freedom?

Ner. Indeed, and indeed its true!

Miss Som. Tho' few in number, let our domestics then instantly arm!

Ner. But what shall we do with our prisoner?

Miss Som. Order him in the front of the battlement, as a fit sacrifice to the lawless rage of his confederates. Let us even forget the weakness of our sex, and arm ourselves, Nerinda.

Ner. Oh dear, ma'am, you wont pretend to fight: what can such helpless creatures as we do?

Miss Som. Wonders, in a just cause! at least, Nerinda, we can expose to abhorrence that savage licentiousness, which even women are compell'd to resist.

[Exit Miss Somerville.]

Ner. How unfortunate, as well as alarming---for this is the very time I was to admit my

‘ my good natured mountain acquaintance:---
 ‘ and why not even now, when we stand more in
 ‘ need of a gallant man than ever! [Exit.

SCENE V.---*The Abbey Gate.*

Enter Comte FRIPONI disguised, with FREEBOOTERS.

‘ *Comte.* De place of rendezvous---it was
 ‘ luck I meet la petite fille de chambre!---At-
 ‘ tendez---ven I go in---keep close to my per-
 son, for fear of me surprize.

‘ *1st Freebooter.* We’ll follow your honour
 ‘ close, rely upon it.

‘ *Comte.* For why she not appear?---prenez
 ‘ garde---voila, le diable Anglois!

[Falls back, but appears listening.

Enter DALTON.

AIR XXIX.

Love may lead my steps astray ;

Where, ah where’s *ma jolie fille* ?

Come, and safely point the way,

Wont you ? Yes, I’m sure you will !

Venez donc ma jolie fille !

Let me not in vain implore,

Hither fly, *ma jolie fille*,

Open then the garden door,

Wont you ?—yes I’m sure you will,

Venez donc ma jolie fille !

Dalton. This is strange ! I must have mistaken
 the gate, for why should she deceive me ?

[Exit round the walls.

Enter

*Enter LOPEZ, and CAZELL with drawn swords,
and soon after a file of Swiss Soldiery.*

AIR XXXI—CHORUS.

Cazell, Lopez, } Yield, cruel monsters! vengeance dread!

Dalton, & Robin. } Which way can the rest be fled?

Miss Som. (within) Calmly I to fate resign!

Cazell, &c. Hear the wailing voice to woe.

Soldiers. Advance! 'tis a soldier's duty.

To save, not to plunder beauty,

Where e'er he's doom'd to go.

Miss Som. (within) Take this wretched life of mine!

Comte, and others. Let us out before it's night. [on Staircase.

Robin, (aside them) That I will not by this light.

All. When 'tis woman that inspires us,

Valour,

Honor,

Glory, fires us.

Cazell, and others. Hear the lovely sufferers cry?

Comte, &c. Let us once more daylight spy? [within.

Robin. Hold your tongues and quiet lye.

[Aside to 'em.

*Soldiers, &c. Knaves, if here we cannot view you,
O'er the Mountains we'll pursue you.*

Comte, &c. Let us once more daylight spy? [within.

Robin. Hold your tongues once more say I.

[Aside to 'em.

*Soldiers, &c. Since the ruffians wont appear,
March on!*

Miss Somerville. Behold your victim here!

[Throwing open the door, discovers herself.

Dalton. Miss Somerville!

*Miss Som. Impossible! and arm'd against my
life?—*

Dalton.

Dalton. Oh no ! led hither by our better stars to defend the person of her, who too unkindly fled from his protection !

Miss Som. Am I to believe those senses which have so cruelly deceived me ?

Robin. Why, dear heart, my Lady, this is the strange Gentleman that wou'd a vit for dear life to defend you.

Miss Som. And do I find in Dalton my gallant defender ? (*Dalton talks apart with her.*)

Swiss Serj. Advance ! (*to his men.*)

Robin. Now dont'e fight no more about my blunders ; for I vancy they be all vriends and neighbours, except a few rogues that I a' got snug in a corner.

Miss Som. Why, are not these our rude assailants whom I saw from the Battlement ?

Serj. We are guards of the Republic, Lady, marched here to preserve it's peace, and the property of this Castle.

Dalton. All this is wond'rous strange !

Miss Som. How came I thus deceived ?

Robin. Why, my lady, it was all along o' I ! for when that comical chap stript me, and got the key of the drawbridge, I took'n for one o' the Mountain robbers that I dreamt on last Sunday, who like a rogue, meant to let in all his comrades ; zo what did I, but run and vetch these honest zoldier gentry to zave you from murder, or mayhap zomewhat worse.

Miss Som. Your zeal rather outran your discretion.

Dalton. But it was faithfully intended.

Miss Som. Come, Charles, attend me now in search of a most amiable, and affectionate companion,

[*Exeunt.*
Robin

Julia. What doings does he mean?

Cazell. I suppose, Miss, de rejoice, and fire-work we hear just now.

Lady Phil. Fireworks! I am sorry he informed them of my coming, I should like to have been received incog; without any particular regard to my rank or distinction! but come, which is the entrée, Daniel?

Daniel. Stop a little, my lady, and in the midst of the bustle; I'll try to step down, and let you all in, if I die for it! [Exit.

Cazell. Surely the fellow's mad, Lopez.

Lopez. Oh, no, only bewitched, I suppose, like the rest of the castle.

[*Exeunt over the drawbridge into the castle.*

SCENE VII.—*Vestibule within the castle.*

NERINDA alone.

Ner. Oh! it was all my unfortunate doing! I found out my mistake, just time, enough to fly and force my poor lady, out of their barbarous reach for a moment! Beset by a host without, and assail'd by ruffians within, what hope have I of protecting her further?

Enter two Freebooters.

1st. Freebooter. Softly, comrade! here she is, and luckily all alone!

2nd. Freebooter. Why then, no ceremony.
(*Draw their swords, Nerinda observing them shrieks*)

1st Freebooter. No uproar, madam, I charge you, to disturb the peace of the mansion,

K 2

Ner.

Ner. What is it you would have ? (*they seize her.*)

2nd Freebooter. The pleasure of conveying you, and all your valuables into our mountain for protection, fair lady of the castle, that's all !

Ner. Lady of the castle ! indeed, indeed ! gentlemen, you are much mistaken—I am only an humble domestic, and therefore every way unworthy of the honour you intend me !

1st Freebooter. This instant then, shew us where she is, and all her treasure.

Ner. Something less than that, gentlemen, I hope will appease you ?

2nd Freebooter. No—dispatch !

Enter COMTE.

Ner. (aside) The monster that so deceived me !

Comte. Eh bien, ma petite guide ! vite ! vite ! my mules are at de gate to car votre maitresse, yourself, and all your treasure to mon chatteau !

Ner. But, Sir, as I had the honour to introduce you, indulge me at least in one small request !

Comte. Oh, certainement qu'est que ça ?

Ner. Only, Sir, as they are of such considerable value, that you will have the goodness to take charge of my poor lady's jewels yourself !

Comte. Affurement ! and de lady aussi, if she be prett comme vous ! (*aside*) Oh, quelle grand coup ! shew me to de dear creature dis moment !

Ner. Up this staircase of the tower, is an antichamber to the right—there, alas ! too soon you'll find her !

Comte

Comte. Wid de jewels, and beaucoup de l'argent ?

Ner. Alas ! all !

Comte. Bon ! come, you shew de way allons !

Ner. Not a word, I entreat you, Sir, that you were directed by me.

Comte. (*making signals of secrecy*) Oh ! jamais ! jamais !

(*Exit thro' the stair case door with Freebooters, Nerinda soon after hastily returns, and bolts it.*)

Ner. There, monster, I have out generall'd you for the present, however ; where now is my faithful countryman ?

Enter ROBIN with a blunderbuss.

Oh, Robin ! I'm glad you're come !

Robin. Flesh and blood cannot hold out this way much longer !

Ner. Courage, man, I have secured three of the ring leaders within here !

Robin. But pray ye madam Nerinda, how did you contrive to nab them so nicely ?

Ner. Why, as they stumbled up the old dark staircase, in search of my lady and her jewels, I turned the bolt, and have them all safe together.

Robin. Ecod you nick'd 'em there for once, howzever.

Ner. Now you must guard the door, without saying one word to any body about it, till I return with succour.

Robin. But how mun I manage to keep three such desperate toads, only under two bolts ? I'll try my best howzever, till you get more help.

Ner. Ay, do, my honest Robin. (*Exit Ner.*

Robin

Robin. Ecod, then it's lucky enough I've just let in the Zwiss Guard; come now what will, my Lady cannot blame me for vetching 'em, for there's a Banditti zure enough, in the Castle now, or the devil's in't. (*listens at the door*) The chaps do zeem pretty quiet tho' in their new lodgings, and they'd best keep zo (*levelling the blunderbuss at the door*) I be not over fond of your devilish pop-guns, vor they lay many a vine fellow flat before he's on his guard. If I'd had but my quarter-staff from the west, I'd a crack'd most of their noddles myself before this time, or know'd the reason why—ecod here comes another on 'em!

Enter DALTON, with a drawn hanger.

Dalton. Which way could the ruffians fly?

Robin. Now dont'e come no nigher, or I mun down wi ye!

Dalton. Why, how is all this?

Robin. (*looking at him earnestly*) Dear heart and zo you be! our true English friend that passed me just now, and ax'd so kindly about the poor Ladies.

Dalton. Where are the suffering captives? (*Robin points to the Tower door behind him.*) Confin'd within that Tower; let me instantly behold them!

Robin. Can't—I be zet, d'ye zee, as guard over 'en; zo neither vriend nor voe shall let 'en out! besides you're but a youngster, and they'd be too many for you all to nothing. (*noise without*) The devils own-zelf be in them zurely! vor here's two more! now mun we ztand ztout by one another.

[*Dalton goes over to him.*
Enter

Enter Comte, followed by Freebooters.

Comte. Ah! 'ah! she no come to Monsieur
Anglois! now I try my canto bello!

COMTE sings the same Air.

None as me do love you more,
Cara bella—jolie fille!
Open den de abbey door,
Vont you? ah! by gar you vill,
Cara bella—jolie fille!

*(Nerinda opens the gate, and making signs, the Comte
and Freebooters entering, follow her.)*

SCENE VI.—*The Battlements of the Castle.*

*Miss Somerville appearing on one wing, Daniel and
domestics on another. A file of Swiss soldiery in
Front.—Platoon firing heard.*

A I R XXX.—CHORUS.

Serj. The Castle quick surrender,
Ye horde of Mountaineers;
Or else our arms shall raze it
By storm around your ears.

Miss Som. Of pride you can't disarm me;
So hence, ye ruffian crew!
No summons shall alarm me!
Nor tyrant force subdue.

(EXIT.

Serj. Are you for war?

Dan. No—peace my trade is.

Serj. Then will you yield?

Dan. Nay, ask the ladies.

Serj. Your walls we must batter down.

K

Dan

Dan. Not yet, Sir, I pray !

Domestic. You'll waste, thus your powder,

Dan. Your shot throw away !

Re-enter Miss SOMERVILLE.

Full Chorus.

Honour,	}	bids us prove victorious.
Justice,		
Courage,		
To repel	}	them, wou'd be glorious !
To subdue		

Serjeant. Gunners, now your mortars bring,
To assail the Eastern wing.

Daniel. Hark ye, Sir,—in pity spare,

Serjeant. Mercy none of you must share.

Daniel. She who fights, and looks so fair !

Full Chorus. Honour, justice, &c.

[Miss Somerville and domestics retire.]

Dan. I'm glad they're all marched off to the other side of the castle ! I'll stay here and take breath a little ! I only turned my back on the cowardly dogs for a minute, and spank they had me in an awkward place.

(Musquetry heard on the other side.)

There—she's at it again pell mell ? *(looking out anxiously)* Eh ! yes, but it is—my dear Lady coming ! and my deliverance I hope along with her !

Enter Lady PHILIPPA, JULIA, LOPEZ and CAZELL.

Lopez. Yes, yes, we are right enough—for see your ladyship's trusty courier on the battlement.

Lady Phil. Looking out to announce our arrival ! I hope we are not too late, Daniel ?

Daniel. Oh ! no, my Lady, you're time enough to have a share of it. Here have been warm doings, I promise you !

Julia.

Robin. Now, Mr. Serjeant, only be you zo good as to mount guard a little at this door--- and I'll vetch you a bottle or two of old English stingo to whet your whiskers with!---' after that ' we'll rummage the stair-case, when madam ' Nerinda comes, and zee whether we a got ' vriends, or foes there; vor we've been at ' such cross purposes o' late, that I don't know ' which they may turn out after all.'—One thing now, however's zertain—that my lady's old zweet heart be come to vetch her home—zo I'll go and let our Madge out of the cellar, and bid her pack up her duds for Old England!

A I R XXXII.

Acrofs the briny zeas I'll zteer,

And back to *Taunton Dean*,

To tell the little huzzies there,

The zights that I ha zeen!

Oh rare be the doings of *Tauntou Dean*! O rare, &c.

When I zet out for voreign parts,

Poor zouls, how they did cry!

I thought they wou'd ha' broke their hearts,

They were zo fond o'I!

O sad were the doings of *Taunton Dean*! O sad, &c.

If they could cry when I were gone

In grief for zuch a boy.

Why zure, when I goes back a mon

They'll cry again for joy!

Oh rare be the doings of *Taunton Dean*! Oh rare, &c.

My zunday zpouse poor *Madge* I'll make,

As vree as vlow'rs in May,

And from the little jades I'll take

A wife for every day!

O rare then the doings of *Taunton Dean*! Oh rare, &c.

L

SCENE

SCENE VIII.—*The antient Hall, illuminated, and decorated with banners, and armorial bearings.*

Lady PHILIPPA, Miss SOMERVILLE, and DALTON.

Lady Phil. You have told me many strange things to be sure, child; but respecting the feudal inheritance of this castle, I fancy I know a little more than you. Indeed, how you became its resident at all, is matter of great surprize to me.

Miss Som. To receive your ladyship within its walls on any terms, is an honour I little expected.

Lady Phil. I always said that you and Dalton wou'd come together; and a very decent alliance for two young families on both sides—you cou'd not deceive me, child.

Miss Som. No, Lady Philippa; I fear that I have been too busily employed in deceiving myself.

Lady Phil. (*Taking her glass, and looking round the Hall.*) Let me contemplate the antient banners, and armorial bearings! near this spot, no doubt, the gallant Knight of Charlemagne, true to his plighted vow, fell in the presence of a beloved mistress

Enter DORIMOND, leading JULIA.

and honourably died!

Dor. Fit scene for a more humble KNIGHT of Love, to claim the hand of her—for whom he fondly lives!

Lady Phil. I'm all amazement! Dorimond!

Julia. Dear madam, allow me to declare, that tho' I knew not of Dorimond's disguise, my heart, adopting his sentiments, naturally triumphs in its success!

Dalton.

Dalton. Oh, your ladyship will excuse it all, when you observe, that the rogue, Dorimond, has deceived even me, his best friend, by the metamorphosis.---Now Louisa, I trust you behold Miss Sidney in her real character.

Miss Som. I do---as a rival created only by own suspicions.

[*Miss Som. Julia, Dalton and Dorimond, talk apart.*]

Lady Phil. Who waits? where is my guide, Lopez!

Cazell. I left him, my lady, in the courtyard, paying due respect to the Count *Friponi*.

Lady Phil. The Comte?—oh, I'm rejoiced that he is arrived!

Dalton. What, my chaunting, woman-killing hero?

Cazell. Why, do you know this vaunting braggart, Charles?

Dalton. Perfectly!

Lady Phil. But where is he? I'm impatient to welcome his arrival.

Cazell. He's in his own apartments, my lady, but rather in a dishabille.

Julia. I'm sorry this wretch is return'd to torment us.

Miss Som. What can all this mean?

(*aside to Cazell.*)

Cazell. Why, ma'am, the plain matter of fact is, that like other great men, some of the Count's enterprizes have miscarried: his last design was to dispossess you of this castle; but failing in this attempt, he has modesty enough, as a freebooter, to put up with one of its dungeons!

All. The leader of the banditti!

Lady Phil. The Count disgraced, and in a dungeon? Oh, that Mr. Sidney were returned! (*aside.*) Lopez shall instantly depart for Strafburgh!

Cazell. On what errand, my lady?

Lady Phil. In search of Mr. Sidney, the only person in whom I can safely confide.

Enter SIDNEY in his own dress.

Mr. Sidney. A single wish of your's restores him back to happiness, as well as fight!---(*Lifts up his bandeau.*)

Lady Phil. I am petrified, astonished, and every way deceived.

Mr. Sidney. Not so my Lady Philippa, if I have at last but the good fortune to prove—the man to your mind!

All. Mr. Sidney!

Julia. My dear father in faithful Lopez!

Mr. Sidney. Where's the wonder, Lady Philippa, that I, an old friend, should have procured you a more trusty guide than your new fashion'd acquaintance?

Dor. And can it be possible, Sir?

Mr. Sidney. Yes, your fellow-servant in disguise.---But once or twice, young spark, we had nearly been too cunning for each other.

Dalton. You have contrived Sir, to hit off an admirable character in this travelling masquerade.

Lady Phil. The shaft of ridicule has reached me. I perceive but too late, that to persist, even in a family prejudice, is unworthy of a great, or a good mind.

Mr. Sidney. (*Taking her by the hand*) Oh, never too late to renounce an error, which an amiable heart

‘ heart must have long disclaim’d! This billet,
‘ which I confess to have perused, has removed
‘ all my serious apprehensions. I return it,
‘ therefore, as an harmless, tho’ unguarded do-
‘ cument of fashionable levity.

Mr. Sidney. Twice has this gallant adventurer
saved our only child : join with me then, Lady
Philippa, in bestowing her hand upon him, and
thus secure the faithful services of an honest fel-
low thro’ life.

Lady Phil. Most chearfully.

Dori. How shall I ever repay—

Mr. Sidney. Not by long speeches, Dorimond—
You have won her by no feats of ancestry, but
your own natural deserts ; if she prove a blessing
therefore, long may you live to wear it.

Lady Phil. Oh ! Mr. Sidney, you have taught
me at length to feel, that to contribute to the
happiness of those around us, is far more honour-
able than all the pomp that heraldry can boast.

‘ *Mr. Sidney.* Then have I neither toil’d, nor
‘ travell’d in vain !’

Enter SIR LEINSTER.

Sir Leinster. I perceive you generally contrive
that Sir Leinster shou’d be front rank, where
there’s a prison ; and always in the rear, when
there’s either love, or fair fighting ! But I’m in
luck that the Comte has got his deserts, tho’ I
have lost mine ! And what a mighty pretty
siege you have had, where you’ve mann’d all
your works with women ! (*looking at Miss Som.*)
‘ Palliluh ! why, is the devil’s self come to you
‘ all, that you ladies shou’d turn soldiers, and
‘ your lacquies become fine gentlemen ? I dare
‘ say, now, it’s all very funny, if one could but
‘ find out the reason why ?

D.m.

Dan. O yes, Sir, I've heard of all your pranks, and find I am the only sufferer, by keeping my own countenance.

Mr. Sidney. All shall be explained, Sir Leinster, to your satisfaction.

Dalton. But its time we muster our little garrison, to get a return of our missing, and wounded.

Lady Phil. Where is poor Daniel?

Enter NERINDA, leading in DANIEL.

Ner. Having properly disposed of the ruffianly Comte, who basely surprized me, I thought in my duty to administer the best comfort in my power to one, who has suffered a little too severely from his own curiosity, and my mistake.

Daniel. You have an odd way here of rewarding merit, that's certain; for you open your gates to a banditti, and throw your best friends, neck and heels into a dungeon!

Miss Sam. 'And is this your arch valet, that put us all in such a fright?

Julia. 'The very same; and as inoffensive a creature as ever breath'd.

Dau. 'What a rare thing my curiosity has prov'd to all except myself! It was rather hard, after escaping the canister-shot of these ladies' tongues, to be stuck upon the battlements, to be pelted with double-round, and grape!

All. 'Poor creature!'

Lady P. Where are you wounded, Daniel?

Dan. Not where its likely to disfigure me much, my lady—being as it were—in a place a little out of sight!

Sidney. We'll find the means of a speedy cure; but you don't seem to recollect your old friends, Dan?

Miss

Miss Som. But here, Dalton, I owe more than I can express. (*points to Ner.*)

Dalton. I am much her debtor also; for she was the guiding star, that led me, a disconsolate wanderer, to this spot.

Miss Som. Is that so, Nerinda?

Ner. Nearly, Ma'am, and one time or other, perhaps you may do me as good a turn.

Miss Som. The day seems to have been devoted to strange myteries, and as the night is too far advanc'd to allow of your departure, I trust the new possessor of this castle will allow me to give you welcome.

Dalton. Most welcome all! for thus our lovely hostess bids me say; and though we have no feats of chivalry to boast, we may, at least, as good-natured travellers, amuse ourselves with recounting our various adventures.

Sir Lein. But when you do that, you'll remember, if you please, to forget mine.

Lady P. First accept my open recantation! for here do I renounce the vain parade, and follies of false grandeur, convinced, that the just distinctions of honourable rank, are best supported by their own intrinsic merit!

Sidney. Then am I raised to the enviable dignity of a happy man. Come, you young destined brides, ere you set out on your nuptial travels, will you deign to accept of a hint from one, who has gone this crooked road before you?

Julia. Certainly, Sir.

Miss Som. Oh, with pleasure!

Sidney. Then build not too much on converting a man into a husband, unless you can condescend at the same time—to create that husband your GUIDE thro' life!

FINALE

80 THE TRAVELLERS IN SWITZERLAND.

FINALE.

AIR XXXIII.—CHORUS.—

Now let us seek our native coast,
Where friends we hope will meet us;
As *Travellers* we then may boast,
If they but kindly greet us.

QUARTETTO.—DALTON, DORIMOND, MISS SOMER-
VILLE, and JULIA.

Let others travel worlds around
For pleasure if they choose it;
The road to happiness we've found,
And hope no more to lose it.

CHORUS. *Now let us seek, &c.*

NERINDA.

To follow close your steps thro' life,
You know, dear Ma'am, I meant it;
So shou'd I follow as a wife,
I'm sure I shan't repent it.

CHORUS.—*Now let us seek, &c.*

DANIEL.

Come, little Dan, 'twixt you and me,
Your trip may well content ye;
You've lost your curiosity,
And that is gain in plenty.

CHORUS. *Now let us seek, &c.*

MR. SIDNEY.

By travel I've regain'd a wife,
Tho' I was forc'd to snare her;
So, for the remnant of my life,
I hope to win, and wear her.

FULL CHORUS,

Now let us seek our native coast,
Where friends we hope will meet us;
As *Travellers* we then may boast,
If they but kindly greet us!